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Loria

St. Joseph's College for Women
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Loria

VOL. III.

NOVEMBER, 1925.

No. 1.

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VOL. III.

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The Holy Souls

GREAT Souls of loved forgotten ones
Who gladly aid all men
As dawn time of your feast day comes
We think of you again.

Enduring, waiting patiently
To see God's Vision fair;
You're hoping e'er so fervently
For one redeeming prayer.

But human frailty passes by
That which it does not see,
Nor stops to think that man must die
And then for mercy plea.

Still lives the hope of souls in pain
As this their Day draws nigh
That prayerful Earth will loose their chain.
Shall we pass heedless by?

EMMA R. BERGEN, '28.

"Esse Non Videri," Our Motto



ANY organization that aids in an ambition to serve higher ideals and more lofty principles, will be perpetuated even though its members make mistakes. Our new motto is a vital, tangible thing, embodying the best to which we can aspire. It codifies everything worth while that has been accomplished in the world. Where there is perseverance in loyalty to ideals, there is no fear of mistakes.

"TO BE, NOT TO SEEM!" Ever since its inauguration, the Undergraduate Association has been endeavoring to fortify in its members, honor and sterling character. Without genuineness and sincerity, there is no guarantee for character. The veneer wears off, and we perceive with disdain,—the "bluff." May the worthy motto we have chosen direct us in paths of uprightness, integrity and noble thought. Applied to our college, it will show that we entertain the sincerest attitude of loyalty to her. She is our Alma Mater, and it is our blessed privilege and sacred duty to conduct ourselves in such a worthy manner as will add praise to her honor and glory.

Subordinating ourselves to the seal of our motto, we shall strive to develop the virtues of generosity, large-mindedness, courage and nobility of soul. By conducting athletic activities, dances, and plays creditably, we not only gratify ourselves, but also satisfy that standard which we proudly proclaim has always characterized our college.

Let us mould our lives to conform with this sublime precept, and pledge ourselves never to forsake the worthy quest of its ideals. Then we may face the sneers of the crowd—called Society—whose counterfeit strength can never wrench from us our "pearl of great price"—REALNESS.

Sham is not the thing for us. Appearances are not realities.

And while we duly reverence the conventions and formalities imposed by society upon its votaries, we absolutely refuse to recognize in them the "be all and the end all" of propriety. Only genuine, stable virtue is monumental in a worth-while life. This ideal with its foundation in truth and its pinnacle in divine charity, inspired us to adopt as a motto—genuineness, "Esse non videri."

MAREITTA C. ROCKEFELLER, '26.

The Eternal City



ROME is the wonder city of the world, the meeting place of age-old culture and modern art. Set in the center of quaintly named squares, finely sculptured fountains, with the water streaming forth from the lips of some god or hero, play eternally. A white haze of heat overhangs the narrow streets. Above, the cloudless sky stretches in unending expanse.

The old pagan temples have freely given of their wealth to beautify church and public buildings. One seeks in cathedrals and museums the former treasures of the Parthenon and the Colosseum, the temples of the gods and the Forum Romanum.

The churches are of paramount interest in a city whose very name breathes interest. Of these the four great basilicas, St. Peter's, St. Paul's, St. John Lateran's, and St. Mary Major's, possess the most attraction. They are all station churches, where from the earliest times the Popes have gone to celebrate Mass on certain feasts. St. Peter's is, of course, the only church the Pope now visits.

An elliptical piazza, formed of Doric colonnades topped by statues of the Saints and Apostles, forms the entrance to St. Peter's. The church itself, in the familiar Roman style, is most impressive. Iron doors in full relief lead to an unsurpassed interior. Largely the work of Michelangelo, it is a profusion of mosaic, colored marble and memorial sarcophagi. The beautiful baldachino, protecting the high altar, the bronze St. Peter, the exquisitely friezed dome, all tend to make an impression of unrivaled splendor. St. Peter's is admittedly the most beautiful of all temples.

St. John Lateran's, the most ancient of the basilicas, has a very beautiful transept adorned with precious marbles. In its center a Gothic canopy towers over the high altar, holding a wooden table found in the catacombs. The chapels off the aisles are all interesting, one containing a treasure of the Parthenon, a marble sarcophagus. In the crypt is the Bernini Pieta.

St. Mary Major's is distinguished for its lovely opus alexandrinum pavement and its row of marble columns, topped by mosaic pictures. It has two famous chapels, the Sistini (less glorious than that of the Vatican) and the Borghese ablaze with lapis lazuli, porphyry, agate and the like.

St. Paul's Outside the Walls ranks second in beauty to St. Peter's. The west façade is faced by an atrium of granite columns. A series of mosaic portraits of the Popes decorate the wall above another row of columns. Six striking pillars of alabaster at the entrance are particularly lovely.

In my opinion, these four basilicas above form a very fitting *raison d'être* for the Catholic Church, on the grounds of esthetic beauty and permanent stimulus to art. They form an excellent setting for the beauty, the culture, the idealism of Rome.

MARGARET MARY McNULTY, '28.

Autumn

THE supple wind has culled the gold-brown leaves
With quaintly chanted litanies. Enow
The river-bier all garmented in gold
Moves slowly 'neath the rare-rimmed aspen bough.

Like pilgrim souls that seek a benison
From Heaven in their oft-repeated prayer
The sighing leaves, that fall in unison,
At last have found *their* haven, resting there.

KATHRYN M. LINZMEYER, '27.

The Poetry of the Reverend Michael Earls, S.J.



HE poems of Father Earls have those qualities which are the distinguishing marks of true poetry. They are the expression of high and noble sentiments by one who has a sympathetic insight into the mysteries of nature. With those tools so essential to the poet, economy and concreteness of expression, he carves from out his manifold experience exquisite pictures of beauty for our enjoyment and inspiration.

Like all true poets he loves nature and delights in interpreting her moods. He has a deep appreciation of her beauty and with his extraordinary power of imagery he points for us such vivid pictures as this one of the moon:

“The chemist dips in his acetic bowl
A long-lost coin, its verdigris to clean
In vaped pungence till again the sheen
Seems a new coin. So Night, with mystic stole
From sunset’s loom (while bells of vesper toll
O’er hills asperged with dew), lifts up serene
A cuprous moon from staining damp terrene,
High to the stars rich-ethereal casserole.

. . . Like is the hour
When a cathedral’s hush and taper glow
Bespeak the Host upraised in blessed power.”

But, I think that it is not of nature in itself that Father Earls likes best to write. It is of the human soul that he prefers to sing. He admires the wonders of earth, but, too, he realizes that greater than these is man, a spiritual being in whom there is more beauty than in any flower, however perfect. It was per-

haps such a thought that prompted him to write in "The City's Praise":

"Years change and we: now dearer seems to me
The City's life. Where run in lovely ways
Lives beautified to God, as brooks I know
To ocean run: nor does the country see
In all its fields such flowers to win my praise
As youthful hearts that here beside me grow."

Father Earls interprets human nature with accurate clearness of vision and expression, whether he is describing the limitless scope of a mother's love as in "The Boundaries of a House," or is epitomizing the loathsomeness of a hypocrite. What more vivid description could we have of this detestable creature than that given in these four lines:

"A sunlit smile and summer's breath
Lie on the pond in placid rest:
In darkness of the undernest
Are weeds and reptiles foul with death."

Through Father Earls' poetry there runs a strain of spirituality which is stimulating and wholesome. Sometimes it takes the form of a beautified tribute to Our Lady as in "On a Birthday." Other times it is the expression of hope in God and a desire to be worthy of Him as in "To an Oak in Winter,"

"And teach my hands to hold some service blest
To prove my life when God comes in the Spring."

Never is Father Earls' philosophy morbid. Always his poems ring out convincingly of a strong faith in a Divine Guide Who rules all things well.

Aside from these poems especially devoted to spiritual themes, there are, I think, none of his verses more likely to

make so strong an appeal as do his poems of childhood. He has shown in them a sympathetic understanding of the child's soul, an understanding that is possessed by few. He appreciates the unfathomable depths of a child's love when he says,

"Oh the world a child can see
With the faith that lights his eyes.
What companionship can be
In a love that never dies."

A child with the child, Father Earls has the magic key that opens the child's heart. He is simple, gay and whimsical. He feels for him and with him. He realizes the limitations of the child, but, too, he appreciates his wisdom.

"The best of true philosophers
Are the children after all,—
The children with the laughing hearts
And the serious field and ball."

It has been said, "only great poets can write about childhood poems worthy to be printed." If that be true, then surely Father Earls is a great poet. He reads into the heart of the little child, and expresses in exquisite musical songs the innocence and beauty he finds there.

"Now God is good in Autumn,
He can name the birds that sing,
He loves the hearts of children
More than flowery fields of Spring."

Now he sings of happy children, now of the mysterious beauties of nature or the nobler sentiments of mankind. Father Earls's moods are many and his subjects varied. But whatever his theme or mood may be, his poems are always the spontaneous expression of a genuinely true poet.

BERNADETTE GARVEY, '26.

School Fever (in Autumn)

(With Apologies to John Masefield)

I MUST go back to school again, to
The lovely books and the rooms
And all I ask is a good Prof and a
Course where pleasure looms,
And the mind's hope and the heart's
Dream and the soul's dawn breaking,
And the great zeal of the Prof's life
For the scholar's making.

I must go back to school again, for
The call of the ringing bell
Is a wide call and a clear call, one
Cannot choose but tell,
And all I ask is a schoolmate's
Voice with its welcome greeting,
And the old class and the old room
And the old friends meeting.

I must go back to school again, to
The happy scholar's life,
To the mind's way and the book's
Way where the day's work is zest and strife,
And all I ask is a merry heart
And a schoolmate's gay young laughter,
And a handshake and a "Godspeed"
When we meet long after.

ALICE C. GALLAGHER, '27.

Hamlet—An Appreciation



WHEN Walter Hampden, the remarkable Shakespearean scholar and actor, produced "Cyrano de Bergerac" two seasons ago, many of our critics characterized it as a "mad venture." "Of course Mr. Hampden's production must fail. Theatrical New York was not interested in the glorious history of Cyrano. It would not be patronized because the public was not accustomed to 'high-brow' plays. Colossal ruin would result!" But contrary to their expectations, not only was the play a success—it was a departure, for it established a new record in theatrical history. Mr. Hampden then presented "Othello," and now he gives us "Hamlet."

The play itself is inspiring. When we have it acted so capably by artists like Walter Hampden and Ethel Barrymore, with their splendid cast, we realize the beauty and the grandeur of Shakespeare's conception as we never have before. From the moment the curtain arises, the audience sits enthralled. The dignified splendor of the settings, the simplicity of the scenes, and the deep appreciation of the actors for the Bard's masterpiece, make a lasting impression on the audience.

We are convinced of the beauty of the play when the curtain goes up on the first scene. The impressive silence of midnight prepares one for the mysterious passage of the ghost who "started like a guilty thing" when the cock crowed. Hamlet's meeting with this "poor ghost" is characterized by a depth of emotion that none but a loving son could display for his dead father. His horror when he hears that his father has been murdered, his utter abandonment when he throws himself on the ground and gives way to his grief, excite our deepest sympathy. We await the outcome with interest.

Events follow each other in quick succession. Hamlet sacrifices everything to the ghost's command. But he is torn by horrible doubts, and so he has the strolling players enact the scene of his father's death. The violent reaction of the King

sets Hamlet's mind at rest, and causes him to decide to kill his uncle. In a scene teeming with dramatic power, he forces his mother to confess her part in the murder. Then we have the famous "mad scene" of Ophelia in which the mind of the poor girl (whose father has been slain by her mad lover) gives way. The scene over her empty grave, into which both Laertes and Hamlet jump, is one full of significance. Finally we reach the gorgeous last scene. The stage is set for the contest with the foils between Laertes and Hamlet, the Prince's purpose still unaccomplished. The fencing is fascinating as we watch the strange reaction on Hamlet's face. He realizes that this is not a mere game, but a grim contest, in which the only rule is, "kill or be killed." When he wrenches the foil from Laertes's hand, and stabs him with the poisoned point (having been previously wounded by it himself), excitement runs high. When his mother dies and he kills the cowardly King, we hold our breaths and wonder, "What's next?" But all is over! The Prince has carried out his father's behest, and has killed himself in the accomplishment of his duty. When Fortinbras, the northern general, appears, he gazes on a scene of desolation.

That, in brief, is the play which is a triumph of dramatic art. Hampden, in his black cloak, tall, slender, intent, and purposive is Hamlet. There is power and maturity in his interpretation of the spirit of the lonely Prince. His acting is so artistic that pity for the blasted young life surges up in every heart. Yet, so unusual is his performance, that Hamlet seems to us to be a conqueror, warring with the spirit of evil and finally overcoming his adversary. Even though he must die, he makes one feel that he has been triumphant. With this singular understanding of the character of the "melancholy Dane," as Shakespeare intended it to be, he casts a spell on the audience. Applause seems superfluous. One hears a long-drawn out sigh as the curtain falls—a tribute indeed! Of course in this endeavor Mr. Hampden has been ably seconded by his cast. Miss Barrymore has achieved a thing of delicacy and simplicity in her interpretation of Ophelia. She feels her part and makes the audi-

ence realize its beauty. One cannot help but feel that animating the whole is Hampden. His performance is acted with a vitality and a whole-souled appreciation that makes his character study a living thing. The witchery of the play, the subtle blending of light and dark effects, the beauty of the age-old tragedy with its powerful acting, affect one strangely. The poignant beauty of the performance leaves one shaken and deeply moved. And as one thinks of the grandeur of the drama and the force of the acting, he murmurs, "This is genius!"

MARY STACK, '27.

Senior Nostalgia



P and down Clinton Avenue, crossing and re-crossing DeKalb and Myrtle Avenues, old friends once more are greeting one another. Not only are old friendships renewed, but many new ones are formed. The thrills and experiences of "three glorious months" can scarcely be expressed in words. Isn't it astonishing what a rapid vocabulary an undergraduate can summon to epitomize her trip abroad, life at camp, or summer in the country? Enthusiasm radiates every countenance, and all is a merry whirl again.

If the lingering and lonely departures in June are a depressing sight, the autumnal event of returning is surely a merry one. But to the senior, there is something about beginning the year that contains a note of regret, for we realize that "the day is brief." There is something about the gesture of finality in re-decorating and arranging our Sanctum which elevates us to a position of importance while at the same time we realize all is for the last time. Then, too, recourse to the front stairs, and the privilege of using the main entrance, stir new thrills in the attainment of these untasted possessions.

An old sight to us, yet always a stimulating one, is the episode of Freshmen hazing at the hands of the new self-important Sophs. In a while this deluge of fun will subside as the college proceeds about its quiet business. We Seniors will retire to our Sanctum, for there is no end of arrangements that must be made, appointments that must be kept, and business that must be done. Although we are just entering into our new era, we can see outlined in the dim future, our last Prom, Classday, Senior Week, and Commencement.

Each favor will be a precious symbol of each event. An article in last month's *Harvard Alumni Bulletin* states that the day for symbols will never pass. We quote in part:

"Fifteen years ago, when Christopher Morley went up to Oxford, he sat down in his room in New College and let his eye

travel in ecstasy over the items listed for sale under the Kitchen Tariff: cakes, jellies, wines and more. He wrote an intimate little essay about it and concluded: 'It is really' too bad to have to compress into a few paragraphs such a wealth of dreams and memories. We sat there with our little pamphlet before us and looked out at the great panorama of spires and towers. We have always believed in falling in with our environment. The first thing we did that afternoon was to go and buy a corkscrew. We have it still—our symbol of an Oxford education.' "

True, the day for corkscrews has passed; but for symbols—never! Already during our last three years we have set aside a few favors to which we may add only a couple or so more. We shall put them away now, but only gradually, through a process of years, shall we understand the true meaning of their symbolism.

MAREITTA C. ROCKEFELLER, '26.

Loria

"Litterae Oblectamen Remaneant In Aeternum"

LORIA is published four times during the scholastic year by the students of St. Joseph's College for Women, Brooklyn, N. Y.: in November, February, April, and June.

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AGNES McSHANE, 1926

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ALICE GALLAGHER, 1927

Editorials

Welcome



GROWTH in the number of the members of the Faculty is a reliable indication of the growth of the College. In September, we had the pleasure of seeing eleven new members added to the Faculty list. To those interested in the expansion of Brooklyn's only Catholic Women's College, that is welcome information. We are proud to have as our new Dean, Sister M. Angeline, who has already proved a friend. We extend a cordial welcome to Sister Natalie and Sister Charitina of the English and Latin Departments. The Science Department has also gained two new members, Sister

Marie Conception and Sister Francis Antonio. Sister Concetta is in charge of our Library, and it is to be hoped that she will experience none of those difficulties which so tried the soul of the Librarian last year. Sister Gerardus has joined the staff of the History Department and Sister Francis Xavier is engaged in teaching Mathematics. We hope that Sister Manuella, who is teaching Drawing methods, will not find the artistic efforts of the Seniors too great a strain upon her æsthetic sense. Mr. Perrier, in the Department of the Romance Languages, shows great ability in making students understand Spanish, although he does not make them walk it. Miss Kenzla promises to make the Psychology course a vital one, "with personal application of native traits and tendencies." It is our earnest wish that next year will bring as great if not a greater increase in the Faculty, together with a corresponding elevation of the Scholastic standard of the College.

We have begun a new scholastic year. At the same time, St. Joseph's has grown a year older. We are extremely proud to say that its growth in numbers has by far outdistanced its increase in age. We hope that this year LORIA will be very successful in its effort to add prestige and dignity to our College. This magazine is for all members, past and present, of the College. We want them to realize that fact, to take an active interest in the periodical and to contribute freely to it, that we may elevate LORIA to the superior position which it rightfully deserves as the representative voice of this institution.

In addition to our renewal of good faith, we would like to offer our congratulations to all those who have successfully completed last year and our earnest expectations that all will join in making 1925-26 a season of splendid achievement and mutual friendliness. Now that we have so far expanded as to need another building, we feel that there will be greater opportunity for the members of the student body to become acquainted among themselves and with the alumnae. Such acquaintance should inevitably lead to helpful friendship and the advancement of true collegiate interest.

The Month of the Holy Souls

With the close of the month of the Rosary, comes the time of special prayer for the holy souls. Mary, with a mother's love and mercy, leads us, as it were, to the threshold of November, the month consecrated to her suffering children.

What a beautiful devotion this is, this practice of recommending to God the souls in Purgatory, that He may ease their torments and bring them nearer to His Sacred Heart. These poor captives have been waiting for this month, hoping that some prayer of ours may quench their burning anguish. They are powerless to help themselves and cry out to us for assistance and relief. Imprisoned in the house of retribution, they are enduring that most excruciating of all pains—the deprivation of the Beatific Vision.

Co-Operation

There are some whom a few like, there are a few whom some like, but who really likes the “knocker”?

We realize that a certain amount of constructive criticism is necessary for the welfare of every individual. We are not protesting against this honest criticism, but we are objecting to the constant nagging, the continual efforts of some people to pull down what others have struggled to build up. Unfortunately, we have not been entirely successful in eliminating people of this type even from our college.

There has been a great deal of criticism tossed about from student to student concerning many of our activities. Much of this is helpful; some of it is dangerous. But whatever its nature, it has been propagated until it has assumed strange proportions.

To make our problem more concrete, let us take the example of LORIA. Some of the girls have decried the policy of the magazine in almost every particular. Many complaints have been heard on the score that it is issued only quarterly. The editors have also heard strange whisperings which would seem

to deplore a lack of humor in our publication. Some beg for short stories. Others claim that the magazine is too literary. Almost everyone has some complaint.

But now the worm has turned and the editors are complaining. They certainly do not mind the various comments that have been heard. They are glad to see that the students take a sufficient interest in LORIA to discuss its needs. But they would like to know why those girls who are criticizing the magazine so severely don't "pitch in and help." The editors realize that LORIA needs brightening up. They are conscious of the woeful lack of short stories. But what can be done about it? Who is going to supply the necessary material?

These are pertinent questions, and the answers, as the staff sees them, are simple. Let the girls realize that LORIA is their magazine. Let them aid the harassed editors by a plentiful supply of material. The one hundred per cent. subscription has done a great deal toward keeping LORIA on the list of college activities. To place it in the forefront of the magazines published by all the colleges, further aid is necessary. Help is needed for development of the various departments of the magazine. If you have a suggestion for an improvement, tell it to one of the editors; or, better still, "write it up" and submit it for publication. Send in some humorous happenings and some short stories. Show the editors that you are willing not only to criticize, but to help. Let us develop a spirit of co-operation and we will soon have a magazine that will make an enviable record.

As We Like It

Featuring the Fresh Frosh



LONG, sorry-looking line of white-clad figures trooped with melancholy mien and downcast eyes into the assembly hall. But why this unseemly sadness? Were they not beautifully gowned in pure maiden-white, so fashionable with their long sleeves and high necks? Were not their feet daintly encased in sporty pumps of a strictly outdoor variety? And were not their locomotive facilities fetchingly adorned in flashing hose of a color scheme fascinating and unique, to say the least? As for gloves and bewitching chapeaux—ah, who could be doleful when so handsomely arrayed!

But, perhaps, they felt pity for the prosaic beings fluttering around them. Or maybe it was commiseration for the unbecomingly officiousness of these flinty-eyed, stern-mouthed creatures. Which theory is correct, can only be surmised, but, nevertheless, some with difficulty restrained their tears, while others were shamelessly hysterical.

Yet, why dwell upon the agonies of that day? Even deep woe must come to an end! The Sophomores—for of such estate were the disdainful creatures—realizing their shortcomings, requested the gorgeously be-decked individuals, to give them instructions in the arts of dancing, singing and dramatic reading. It was surprising to see how ably these artists delivered dissertations on such vital topics as “Why Does a Window Pane,” or “Why Four Out of Every Five Have It.” So great were their talents that they were prevailed upon to duplicate their performances before the Honorable Faculty.

Later, the glorified Freshman succumbed to the pleas to don less attractive clothing and arrayed themselves as ordinary students. Whereupon, the erstwhile relentless Sophs developed into exceptionally charming young college women, served delicious refreshments and made merry for many hours. Oh, for the life of a college Freshman!

IRENE R. ROTH, '29.

The Senior Sanctum

Every class looks forward to its occupation of the Sanctum. The process of installation, including the discovery of the "practical science" of painting and art of plain sewing, has continued for four weeks for the latest arrivals. The day of the Reception to the Freshmen found the new Seniors "at home." The Sisters of the Faculty, the first guests, gratified the committee with their appreciation of the interior decorating.

Four weeks were not too long to spend on "that center of Senior study, Senior fun, and Senior dreams—the Sanctum." Members of the class have already begun to realize how each episode enacted in that room is a note in the book of college friendship. Quiet talks, emphatic debates, or lulls in the conversation, are all a part of the comradeship of the last undergraduate year. Now, they are continual, but in a few years, to paraphrase an old French poem, we will have more memories than if we had lived a thousand years.

AGNES E. DALY, '26.

The New Dramatic Club

The study of dramatics is one of the best means for the symmetrical development of the latent possibilities in any individual. They make one "turn every side to the sun." The student of dramatics draws from her hobby an education that is harmonious and invaluable in every particular. To her other studies she brings a mind that has been trained to seek not only the obvious, but the underlying thought. To public life she brings an absolute surety of speech and the ability to present matter in its most appealing form. But her contribution to "woman's sphere of usefulness" is even more striking. Her personality becomes so vital a thing to all her friends that to them she is the essence of all that is charming.

Together with this somewhat selfish way of viewing dramatics, the girls should consider the particular advantage to St. Joseph's. A prize won by a cast of the students in a Little

Theater contest brings as much credit to the college name as the winning of a basketball game.

An artistic presentation of a play will bring to our college all the admiration the public has for an interpretation that is above the mediocre.

Although several of us met last year and formed what we called a dramatic club, it remained the work of this term to establish on an undisputed basis our claim to the dignity of a college society. In accordance with the new regulations established by the Undergraduate Association relative to the admission of new societies, a constitution has been submitted to be passed upon by the Student Council.

With the foundation laid, the actual work of organization is to be undertaken in the very near future. Haste is necessary because we must produce a play for the Christmas Entertainment. We are sure many will join and be active members of the new club. With a constitution to protect its interests and the enthusiastic support of the college, the dramatics will come to the front of our college societies.

LOUISE MCGOUGH, '27.

Athletics

Thump! Thump! Thump! A person passing the corner of Green and Vanderbilt Avenues almost any Monday or Wednesday afternoon might be startled momentarily at this sound. An investigation, however, would disclose the fact that the noise is caused by agile players running about our "gym" as the ball unerringly caroms off the backboard into the basket. For, once more, basketball holds the limelight in our sport activities. With the capable instruction of our new coach, Miss Cody, and a nucleus of "veteran" players around which a team is to be formed, the outlook is bright.

But basketball does not entirely exclude other sports. A hockey team is being organized and "broken in" by practice on a Prospect Park field each Monday afternoon. We hear whis-

pers, too, about a swimming club which is to be formed. The A. A. tells us that we will have a tennis-court on our lawn very soon.

In short, we who are trying to make S. J. C.'s sport-annals are firmly convinced that, under the direction of our coach, aided by loyal "fans," we will have just as successful a sporting year as ever.

AGNES V. McSHANE, '26.

A Timely Suggestion

What? A College Song? No, really? Since when? These are a few of the puzzled exclamations which emanated from the classmates of '27 when as Freshmen we heard for the first time St. Joseph's College Song. Nor did this startling moment occur at the greenest stage of our development, but rather very near the time when the turn of the tassel was to designate us Sophomores. I mean no other occasion than the formal Class Day of '24.

We could not help feel an injustice had been done on hearing of a College Song at so late a date. Had a song been written only for the Seniors to sing on their Class Day? Of course not! And so, many of us resolved to learn and broadcast it. We asked the Seniors to begin a crusade. The success was small, however, for when the Class Day of '25 came around, the College Song once more was to most of the students a strange and meaningless bit of the program.

A new year has begun. Is the past going to establish the precedent for the future? Will the Class of '26 also wait till that far-off day to take the College Song from its mysterious shrine and then only to expose it for a few brief moments? We hope not. Why should not every Senior, Junior, Sophomore, and Freshman know this song? Why should it not be sung at every General Assembly, at every class function, at every game, at every school gathering? This would be a very effective way of fostering that undefinable but precious ideal, college spirit.

ANNE SCHRAGE, '27.

College Song

O, THOU guardian fair of the days of our youth,
Like a mother so kind and so true
You have sheltered us, guided our footsteps aright
And sweet hope you've wakened anew,
Like the burst of a sunrise on water disturbed
You have scattered sweet comforting rays,
And with infinite tenderness, patience and care
You have led us past troublesome ways.

True to God, to our neighbor, to self and to you
Thy fond daughters we ever will be,
And our prayers and our hopes like sweet incense will rise
To give honor and blessing to thee.
We will pray that the future may lovingly lay
All its choicest of gifts at thy feet,
And that "Ite ad Joseph" in letters of gold
Will blaze forth when in heaven we meet.

College Calendar

IN MEMORIAM

On October 13th, in the college chapel, the Junior Class assisted at Mass and received Holy Communion for the repose of the souls of the parents of two of their members. The Mass of Requiem was celebrated by Reverend Edward V. Cassidy, S.S.J., assisted by Reverend William T. Dillon, J.D.

THE NEW BUILDING

Being "press-agents" for LORIA has its advantages, not the least of which is the privilege of being the first students to visit the new addition to the college. Our thrill was second only to our joy on seeing this, our future college building.

To attempt to describe what this means to us, is something of a task. The building even in its present condition, is extremely promising. Through our proverbial rose-colored spectacles, the defects disappear and we see only the many advantages and possibilities which it offers. The library, with its rare, old-time beauty, surpasses even our fondest dreams. Beyond the débris of wrecked walls and falling plaster, we see in vision, the classrooms and lecture halls, girls scurrying to and fro, and all the activity that now abounds in our present building. Even the campus with its possibilities for tennis and outdoor basketball courts did not escape observing eyes.

It was unquestionably a stroke of good fortune which secured this building for the college. It means another step up the ascent which leads to a greater St. Joseph's. G. A. D., '26.

THE UNDERGRADUATE RECEPTION

The Undergraduate Association fulfilled its aim to the "nth" degree of perfection at the reception tendered to the class of 1928. Miss Johnston, the President of the "U. A.," welcomed the Freshmen in a very cordial address, in which she impressed on them the fact that they all are essential and important assets to the Association.

"It ain't the individual or the Army as a whole,
But it's the everlastin' teamwork of every bloomin' soul."

The refulgency with which the capabilities of the upper classmen shone, in the entirely original renditions of "Little Red Riding Hood," "Ku Ku Koos," "Topsy and Eva," and many others, was remarkable. The spontaneity of the girls, in spite of very apparent handicaps, was commendable.

At the conclusion of the entertainment, Miss Johnston was assisted in serving refreshments, by a committee of which Miss Agnes Daly was Chairman.

M. J. H., '26.

THE HALLOWEEN DANCE

The Halloween Dance held by the Undergraduate Association on October 29th began the social activities for the year at twenty-five. The Roof Garden of the Waldorf-Astoria, carrying memories of last year's Junior Prom, was the setting of the gala event. The witcheries of the season, evidenced by the colorful decorations and the merry music catching the spirit of Halloween, cast a spell over the dancers. The success of the dance may be attributed to the enthusiastic zeal of the committee, composed of Margaret Johnston, Honorary Chairman; Agnes McShane, Chairman; Agnes Daly, Louise McGough, Margaret Harnett, Mary Howard and Dorothy Murphy.

K. E. F., '26.

SENIOR PROM

Our Senior Prom! How much of hope and joyous anticipation these words hold for us Seniors! And no wonder, for with the memories of our Junior Prom still before us, we can well afford to be delighted at the prospects of this great event. Our Junior Prom was admitted to be a great success. May we not be forgiven for dreaming dreams of our Senior Prom? Like many another Senior class, we have "hitched our wagon to a star" and are sparing nothing to attain those heights. With Kay Kilgallen as Chairman, '26 feels confident that this ideal will be realized on the night of December

30th. Sherry's with its delightfully luxuriant setting has been chosen as the scene of the promenade.

Besides Miss Kilgallen on the committee, are Agnes Daly, Honorary Chairman; Mabel Barton, Genevieve D'Albora, Mae Dannenhoffer, Violet Farrell, Kathryn Fisher, Mary Green and Margaret Howard.

G. A. D., '26.

**"THE DREAMER
AWAKES"**

The splendor of medieval pageantry mingled with the mystic appeal of Oriental ritual and

modern American drama, is the setting of this immense allegorical masque. To show the awakening of American youth to the call of religion in the present day is the purpose of its sublime plot. Its characters include Crusader Knights of the Middle Ages, College youths of 1925, Chinese Mandarins, bobbed hair maidens, American Indians, Guardian Angels, princes, beggars, mission priests, peasants, dwarfs and soldiers, besides beautiful symbolic figures, as "Religion," "Indifference," "Distance," and "Neglect."

The fact that this unique production will be given under the auspices of the "Propagation of the Faith" can inspire no nobler incentive for hearty co-operation. Its success will guarantee more intense enthusiasm for missionary activity. Are you doing everything in your power for its success? It requires not only material support, but also spiritual assistance. Everyone can be active in one way, if not both. This pageant is a work of love. Pray for God's blessing upon it. With that it cannot fail.

M. C. R., '26.

I. F. C. A.

National Catholic Alumni Federation

Of interest to all I. F. C. A. members is the recently organized National Federation of Catholic Alumni, which held its first convention in this city on November 6th, 7th, and 8th at the Hotel Commodore. Delegates from the majority of the seventy-five Catholic colleges and universities for men in the United States attended the convention. The new organization has already established a tremendous hold and promises to equal if not surpass the activities of its sister federation.

Executive Board to Meet in New York

The Executive Board of the I. F. C. A., together with the Governors of all Eastern State Chapters, will hold a three days' convention in this city on December 3d, 4th, and 5th at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. On the first evening of the session, Brooklyn Circle will entertain the guests at a formal dinner at the Hotel Bossert. Members and their friends are urged to make this affair one of the most brilliant social events in the history of Brooklyn Circle.

Brooklyn Circle Communion Breakfast

The sixth annual Communion Breakfast of Brooklyn Circle was held on October 3d. Several hundred Circle members received Holy Communion at the eight o'clock Mass in St. Saviour's Church. Breakfast followed at the Montauk Club. In her usual charming and wholly capable manner, Mrs. Thomas A. McGoldrick presided at the subsequent annual business meeting. The feature of the year's program, which was outlined, will be a lecture course on Current Events, Foreign Travel, and Contemporary Literature.

BERNADETTE DOLAN, '27.

The Exchange

St. Mary's Chimes.

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind.

To those magazines that do not include *The Chimes* on their exchange list, may we make the suggestion that this omission be filled at once, so that they, too, may share the treat this magazine affords?

The September issue, differing from the general rule of first numbers, contains several delightful stories and essays. "The Letters of Madame de Sevigne" and "Realism in the English Novel" form the subjects of two of these. We cannot fail to mention the really worth-while and enjoyable feature of this magazine, which so many others wholly neglect, the short story. "Once in a Blue Moon," and especially "The Linear Adventures of Teresa" were exceptionally delightful reading.

The Haya

Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.

The Haya, published weekly, is chiefly a chronicle of the activities of the various schools of the University. With the present issue, a series of illuminative articles, an "Old Georgetown," is initiated. Of interest to all readers is the following excerpt:

"The first day entered on the roll of students was William Gaston of North Carolina, first not only in time, but in talent and distinction in the whole history of the college. . . . He entered the House of Representatives in 1813 and delivered there one of the really great speeches ever heard in Congress. . . . He was an acknowledged leader of the Federalist Party and might have been President had he not been what was better—a pious Catholic. To him belongs the honor of having unhorsed Henry Clay in debate."

The Setonian.

Seton Hall College, South Orange, N. J.

Like *The Haya*, this magazine is almost entirely devoted to college activities. The account of the metamorphosis of the present cap and gown has a decided interest for collegians. *The college.*

The Alembic.

Providence College, Providence, R. I.

The contents of *The Alembic* presented quite a variety of interesting articles. The essays on "Modern Knighthood," "The Observer," and "Professionalism in Athletics," are extremely interesting, creating the desire for more. We regret that we cannot quote some of the unusual poems in this number. "Indian Summer" is particularly worthy of mention.

Books

Queer Judson. Joseph C. Lincoln.

Once again we have a Lincoln novel and one rendered in the usual Lincoln style. We have the expected Cape Cod scenery without which no story of Lincoln's would be complete. The hero of this story, Casey Judson, is an impractical chap who somewhat resembles Shavings and Captain Nye. He has a great love for birds, and in consequence is thought to be rather queer by the sturdier, more practical folk of the town. Casey, who was nearly snowed in under misfortune, stages a "come-back." He holds before him the ideal of repaying all the money that Wellmouth people lost in the collapse of his firm, through the dishonesty of his partner. By dint of hard work, he is able to begin the fulfillment of his dream.

The book is pleasant, attractive light reading. It has a love story of sufficient twists and turns to arouse interest. It is a most agreeable book and will win favor with the many supporters of the Lincoln standard.

M. S., '27.

The Glorious Apollo. E. Barrington.

The Glorious Apollo is the life of Byron in story form, and gives the reader material for a better interpretation of Byron's poetry. The events of his life which resulted in much of his most worth-while poetry are ably told. Byron's life was culpable; but this account is written in such a way that it does not offend. The reader feels a scornful pity for this genius. His family and circumstances led his romantic life down a ruinous path; and he died in a foreign land, alone, forsaken, and worse than despised, forgotten. The contrast of his wife's beautiful character is well drawn and constitutes one of the strongest points of the book.

There is not one chapter which lacks a sustaining interest. The style is fluent, lucid, and in keeping with the subject matter.

I. V. L., '26.

The Power and the Glory. Sir Gilbert Parker.

The student of history might well find this book valuable in studying French colonization in Canada. In novel form these stirring events of history are made vivid. The great figure of La Salle becomes a real personage. We see by what indomitable will, unflagging spirit, and faithfulness to an ideal, nations are founded.

In contrast to the pioneer life of the French explorers, several detailed accounts of proceedings in Louis XIV's resplendent court are given. Innumerable romantic figures known in French history and literature grace the scene and play their part. We see intrigue and court influence aiding or impeding La Salle's every step.

Sir Gilbert Parker tells us in the preface that he is not a Catholic, as indeed his book betrays. But we should not expect to find from his pen in these days the resurrection of that time-old calumny against the Jesuits of the means justifying the end. To what shall we attribute it, malice or ignorance?

I. V. L., '26.

Alumnae Notes

'20 Dr. Amalia Simonetti has begun the practice of medicine at her office in Brooklyn. To Dr. Simonetti, St. Joseph's first representative in the medical field, LORIA extends sincerest good wishes.

Mrs. Marion Clark McManus assures us that though her young son, a very recent arrival, will never be one of our Alumnae, still he will always be "among those present" at future S. J. C. proms and dances.

Among the members of the Alumnae to receive degrees in June for graduate work is Mary Moore, who received her degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Fordham University.

'21 Sister Consuela Maria, better known to us as Mildred Duffy, was professed as a Sister of the Blessed Sacrament on September 1st. We of the College are indeed glad of this opportunity of assuring her of our sincerest wishes on this occasion.

Eleanor Howard has recently returned from a very interesting tour of Europe. Among other places she visited Lourdes, Lisieux, Lausanne, and Paris.

Grace Reynolds, Helen Livellara, and Florence Newman received the degree of Master of Arts from Fordham University.

Agnita Duffy, one of our first budding lawyers, was made a Bachelor of Laws at the same time. She, too, received her degree from Fordham.

'22 With Agnita Duffy in the field of law is Mary Huschle, who also received her LL.B. in June from Fordham.

Marion O'Reilly has been appointed Exchange Editor of the *Quarterly Bulletin* of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae.

'23 Dorothy J. Willmann was one of the fortunate ones to visit Rome and take advantage of the Holy Year privileges. While abroad Dorothy made a survey of European Mission Institutes. This survey covered cities from Rome to London, including Milan, Paris, Munich, Amsterdam, and Weurzberg.

'24 Margaret Meehan also received her M.A. from Fordham this year. It seems to us that the Fordham Graduate School forms a meeting ground for St. Joseph's graduates.

'46 Our Alumnae ranks are indeed swelling. Even now we have news of the registration of little Miss Dannemiller, daughter of Anna McDonald Dannemiller, '20, who will be one of us somewhere about the year 1946.

The Mission Crusade Pageant scheduled for November 30th and December 1st, includes in its cast many of the Alumnae. Agnita Duffy, '21, has been selected for "Laughter"; Florence Newman, '21, "Mirth"; Gertrude Dilworth, '25, "The American Girl"; Grace O'Brien, '25, "Youth," and Emily O'Mara, '25, "Mother." Marion Teaken, '24, is taking part in the dance numbers. The Pageant press-agent is Dorothy Willmann, '23.

In Memoriam

With the death of Maureen Bingham Brady, '21, came the first break in our Alumnae numbers. LORIA takes this opportunity of expressing its deep though belated sympathy to those whose lives have been made less bright by Maureen's death.

LORIA also extends sincere sympathy to Catherine Shannon, '21, on the death of her sister, and to Helen Livellara, '21, on the death of her father.

R. I. P.

Loria

St. Joseph's College for Women
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Loria

VOL. III.

JANUARY, 1926.

No. 2.

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Loria

VOL. III.

JANUARY, 1926.

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ON OPENING AN OLD BOOK

FRAGRANT—though the rose is dead;
Remembered—though years are sped;
Fresh—though with dew of by-gone hour;
Page-prest petals of a lovely flower
Come to life again this dream-filled morn;

I chanced across them as I read
Within these pages . . . You had said
I would forget their very presence—
I, who loved their perfumed essence—
Poignant petalled rose; deep was the thorn.

ALICE C. GALLAGHER, '27.

NEAPOLITAN CHARM



HERE is a little Neapolitan Street within one of the big sky-scrapers on Forty-third Street in New York City. Alice Foote MacDougal calls it a coffee house but it is, in effect, a quaint old Italian façade. Long and narrow like many of those *vias*, with a high wall flanking its side, this little shop resembles almost any of those little European eating places "along the way," where a few tables and chairs placed in the shade of a gay awning suffice to constitute an "eating place" of merit.

Mrs. MacDougal conceived this idea some time ago when she purchased this site for her first coffee house in New York City. The dimensions of the shop were peculiar but they had to be endured since there was no other place obtainable at the time. Thereupon, Mrs. MacDougal's ingenuity set to work and conceived a plan for utilizing those peculiarities to a decided advantage. The result was this attractive little facsimile in the very heart of busy New York.

The interior of the shop is long and narrow. On one side is a high adobe wall, and on the other, a familiar outside Italian stairway. The wall, some eighteen feet or so in height, represents the exterior *Dogi palacio* in Italy. It is made of rough mud plaster and is punctured here and there to give the illusion of age. There are three small windows set in, approximately fifteen feet from the ground. Each one of these is covered with an iron grating and lighted in a very effective manner. The ceiling above the "street" is hung with a much patched canvas canopy which resembles obviously a weather beaten awning. The narrow stairway on the left leads by a series of badly chipped stone steps to a more spacious *loggia* above. The latter is open and overlooks the *via* from a height just equal to and opposite the small windows of the *Dogi palacio*. This little balcony gives access to rooms within through small arch doorways of some ancient and weather-beaten wood.

Thus far Mrs. MacDougal has been consistently Italian, but

here she deviates to introduce a little bit of Dixie . . . viz., a staff of Creole waitresses and a plump nigger mammy "chef." These dusky girls are very attractive indeed in their blue cambric and cretonne, but they scarcely fit into our thoroughly Neapolitan setting. However, this incongruity may easily be forgiven in view of their general attention which more than makes amends for it. As for the rotund little "chef"—her delightful southern dishes are what we have long desired home cooking to be.

Before going any further, however, we must pause to admit the reason for all this eccentricity. This little shop is chiefly a market place for European oddities in bronze, copper, crockery and porcelain ware. Just as do the little shops along the via in Italy exhibit their wares, so does this one. Everything there is for sale. One might purchase the very dish from which he is eating if it so delights his fancy. (And there is variety enough to suit even a very fanciful taste.) No two pieces in the service are alike. Perhaps this adds to the pleasure of eating and to the flavor of the food—who can tell? At any rate it serves at least as a psychological condiment to the menu.

Alice Foote MacDougal's first coffee house met with such popular approval that another has been undertaken by her somewhere on Forty-seventh Street in the same great metropolis. It is a much larger venture. She has named it the Piazzetta and has made it more elaborately "old-world-like" than the first. It, too, has market stands, loggias, and in addition to these a huge lounge where one may rest before an open fire. But, let us return to Forty-third Street and complete our investigation there. We pay for our pleasure at a makeshift counter. This consists of a broad board supported at one end by a dingy barrel and at the other by two wooden boxes. But—a few steps further and we are out once more into the sky-scraper reality that is New York. Naples, however, has worked its charm. Tucked away somewhere in the bustle of our New York minds is a delightful impression of European quietude and quaintness.

EILEEN McLoughlin, '27.

OPTIMISM



ESTERDAY there was a storm. Heavy rains poured down from black clouds. The whole world looked dreary, and your spirit slumped. But today, the sun is shining, the sky is clear and blue, and your spirit is exalted. How like Nature our own human nature is! When troubles oppress us, we forget that every cloud has a silver lining. We shrink from the impending darkness of the night, whose stealthy shadows always vanish at the break of day.

They say it is the light heart that lives longest. Therefore, optimism is a goal at which we should all aim. Sighs and groans are ugly and disenchanting; cheerfulness is the essence of a likeable personality. A worth-while disposition is one that can smile even while the world is distributing its knocks. Abolish the sunshine of cheer, and our old world of trouble would be a morgue. Imagine a planet inhabited by "Calamity Janes" and "Melancholy Martins!" It is bad enough to worry over unexpected troubles which quickly vanish, but it is worse to brood over anticipated troubles that never afflict us. If we would only spare a moment to think, we would realize that

"God's in His Heaven,
All's right with the world!"

And how much nobler it is to be, as Browning says:

"One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted,
Wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

Why do we suffer ourselves to become pessimists? Cheer-

fulness drives away care and banishes the "blues." Optimism chases pessimism, as the zephyrs, the transient shower. Each one of us is exposed to inevitable difficulties, but the art of accepting them cheerfully will lighten the burden. Agree with Kipling:

"I have known shadow—I have known Sun,
And now I know these two are one."

We must remember that no noble position has ever been attained without the price of a cross. The paths to success are not paved with roses alone; roses yield thorns. So for the crown that shines before us, we must cheerfully accept labor, suffering and self-sacrifice. Life is what we make it. The road to Eternity has many turns. But since we must travel it, why make our journey a funeral march?

"How soon a smile of God can change the world!
How we are made for happiness—how work
Grows play, adversity a winning fight!"

Some time when you are "under the shade of melancholy boughs," recall the life of the girl who is blind, deaf and dumb. Imagine having eyes that see not, ears that hear not, and lips that cannot utter a sound. Still Helen Keller has acquired knowledge by the sense of touch. She has read the best literature and communed with the greatest souls. Could there be a greater proof of the immortality of human courage?

I shall never forget the optimism of my little paralytic classmate, who used to be carried in and out of school daily. She was the life, joy and sunshine of our class. Even a heart of stone would soften upon hearing her bubbling laughter, as her small crippled body swayed to and fro between the little wooden crutches, chained forever to a living cross. And we are the ones who complain—we who are able to see, hear, talk and walk. We are the blessed, yet discontented; we murmur against our

benediction. We refuse to see sunshine through the showers, and moonlight eclipsed by the night clouds. Each time when we do our level best to accomplish some work we have planned, but have met only with failure, let us take courage in the thought that trial is the touchstone of great souls and that they have found:

“Sweet are the uses of adversity
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks
Sermons in stones and good in everything.”

MAREITTA C. ROCKEFELLER, '26.

THE LAND OF MAKE BELIEVE



YOU be the mother, and I'll be the child"—a sentence from out of the past.

Can you recall those pleasant days when a discarded plume, and a skirt of the last century cut, and pumps which hardly balance the wearer, converted a material world into one of dreams and fancies? You saw only what you wanted to see—nothing more. To elders the sight of ink-stained faces, peeping out of purple and fine linen was a ludicrous spectacle. But to us the moments were ones of sheer delight. We recall the time when as a child of ten, we bedecked ourselves in uncle's armor, a shining pan, and somewhat daringly waved aloft the shining kitchen-knife. We mounted the horses of the sun, challenging to race the moon and we flew amidst the stars. On the way we mocked the kenneled thunder. We smiled back at the earth which was so dreadfully slow. And then with triumphant clangor we entered the gages of heaven, just as the knife and ill-secured armor fell to the floor with a crash!—to the floor littered with broken fancies. We realize now that life is just that—success and then disillusionment. Like the beggar-maid of old we returned from the queenly glory and pomp to the tatters and contentment of our years.

This realm is the privilege of childhood. But if you are "grown-up" and would like very much to go there—why,

Just hail a passing star, and give as your destination, "The Land of Make-Believe." You will be carried far, far away from all cares, straight off this solid earth! You will pass through a realm of blissful peace and then you have arrived. Upon disembarking from your starry conveyance, you will be greeted by a child (since this is exclusively a child's world). The child is clothed in gorgeous robes, the raiment rather incongruous and presenting the appearance of having been hastily put together.

You will now be in the land where you are master of all you survey. Here, everything you ever wanted comes true; your

cherished dreams are realized; your unattained ambitions consummated; your life's work accomplished. When it is time, you descend to earth.

Your visit to the "Land of Make-Believe" is now as a long shaft of level sunshine in your life. It takes the place of the former gloom, disheartenment and discouragement. It sifts its way through every act you do, dispelling the former mood of self-pity. In recalling the great things accomplished, you are forced to take heart again. You realize that you are of some use in this world.

Ah! that the privilege of childhood which we seem to have discarded when we enter our "teens" were used more when we leave our "teens" behind!

ELINOR A. PARKS, '29.

FANTASY

THE harvest moon rose, round and red,
And flooded the world with a rosy glow,
Night sounds whispered and shadows moved,
As the soft night wind began to blow.
Tree toads piped and crickets chirped,
The moon rose higher upon the breeze,
Till over the orchard all shadow and light
She was caught in the tops of the tallest trees.

The winter moon like a silver shield
Slipped through the trees by each branch and bough;
And the bare limbs creaked in the icy wind,
"We have no leaves to hold you now."
But the moon went up into the sky,
Listening not to the wind's wild note,
And, leaving a trail of eerie light,
She sailed away like a silver boat.

MARJORIE M. MURPHY, '29.

A BIT OF LIFE



HE made a pretty picture as she sat there with her red dress and black hair set off by a dark background. She waited a moment before she started and, with the uncanny instinct of the blind, sensed the true attitude of her audience. They sat smug, complacent, self-satisfied, prosperous merchants and their wives, preening their fine feathers, basking in the warmth of their new-found wealth. Vanity, envy and selfishness filled their hearts and dulled their eyes. An instant more, and her hands were poised. Then gently they fell and traveled over the keys, like two white birds slowly fluttering. For a while they were happy and content in their peace and freedom.

On the horizon storm clouds were gathering. Swiftly they came on, in all their awful majesty. Poor little birds! Did they not see? Ah, yes! In the strange, ominous silence that preceded the storm, they realized their plight and started frantically to escape. Alas! it was too late. With a crash and a roar the storm broke. The rumble of thunder mingled weirdly with the shrieking wind. The downpour of rain beat a heavy tattoo. Panic-stricken, the birds flew, wildly beating their wings. They were utterly helpless in the power and strength of this turbulent rage. In vain did they utter frightened cries. They were driven and tossed mercilessly, like frail playthings of a cruel master.

The player's hands brought this wave of emotion to a subtle climax. The audience stirred. They were being roused from their lethargy. This bit of life touched them. It was they who were struggling in the storm, this battle of hatred, jealousy, selfishness. Would they survive? Some looked guilty, others sad, and still others leaned forward, gripped by emotion, to watch the outcome. Suddenly, the torrent subsided, almost as quickly as it had come. The hands, like the white birds seemed exhausted now. Slowly and still more slowly they went until

finally they found a refuge of peace and tranquillity in the harbor of happiness.

The player allowed her hands to rest lightly on the keys. Then sweetly expectant, she turned to her audience. Silence, absolute, perfect, greeted her. Suddenly she smiled and, as if a magic signal had been given, the applause thundered through the house. Wave after wave rolled and broke at her feet. Satisfied and happy, the player bowed, for she knew that in many hearts hope had been renewed. They would carry away the picture of two white birds, valiantly struggling; and a sweet melody of confidence and encouragement would sing in their souls. Gone was their smug complacency and in its place an intense desire to reach their goal and taste at last true and perfect happiness.

MARIE BRENNAN, '29.

MOTHER'S PRECIOUS



YES, Flossie is a remarkable girl. Her mother admits it, and Flossie never questions mother on domestic matters. "My Flossie's worth her weight in gold!" Flossie's mother said it, and she had a way of saying things that settled them for all time.

I suppose I'm a little skeptical. Scientists usually are. Being mathematically inclined and trained as a chemist to weigh and verify general statements, I decided to seek the quiet and seclusion of the lunchroom next noonday, there to compute in terms of dollars and cents the worth of a college girl.

When I reached the lunch room, I sought out some kindred souls, noted dialecticians and seekers of truth, whose learned opinions would guide me in my deliberations. From one of these, I ascertained that the market value of gold is about \$20 an ounce or about \$250 a pound, as the jeweler weighs it. That would make an averaged-sized college girl—about Flossie's size, we'll say—ah, not more than 110 pounds—worth in the neighborhood of \$25,000.00.

At this point, one of the austere seniors versed in the love of real estate and finance advised me that the way to evaluate the college girl was to consider her as an investment. Safe investments, she said, paid about 6 per cent, and if the college girl were actually worth \$25,000 she should be capable of earning a yearly dividend of about \$1,500. Now that position seemed sound and quite in agreement with my own thinking. The dividend that a girl could produce would be the annual salary she could earn. So the next step was to examine the business opportunities open to the college graduate.

By this time, quite a few of the lunch room savants had abandoned their Epicurean pursuits and joined in the discussion. All of them had ideas. Stenographers and bookkeepers, they observed, get \$15 or \$20 at the start, which amounts to \$1,100 a year or less. Not so good! Teachers, oh yes! They start with

\$1,500 and can aspire to the dizzy heights of \$3,500. Not so bad! The average would be \$2,500. Doctors, suggested some, and lawyers, chimed in some others. A good doctor ought to have ten calls a day at least, and that might run up to \$8,000 or \$9,000. But we must take out expenses. Looks good anyway and worth investigating. Doctors do have cars and things.

There are not many Portias to judge from, but the field is small and the competition not so keen as among the men. Nearly all the "boy friends" of those present were going in for law and they tell wild tales of the fabulous fees that any lawyer can ask.

By this time the suggestions were coming rapidly about opportunities in music, art, the drama, advertising, the newspaper and many higher phases of business. In every case the college girl had opportunity to advance whereas the untrained worker in business soon reached her level at a salary of about \$2,000. All agreed that a \$35 a week job in business was a good job.

Just then, some of the mathematicians joined the group. They had been busily occupied in their intellectual "daily dozen" at the bridge tables and their perceptions were more acute. "Why," said one, "these calculations are so elementary. Look at the value of the culture of the college girl. Consider her influence on her intimates and the community. Think of her possibilities in the problems of the church, the state and society!"

Unfortunately, the metallic voice of the period bell broke rudely in upon the discussion and the philosophers hastened to seek "fresh woods and pastures new." But all agreed upon one thing—Flossie's mother was right. Now that I come to think of it, any mother would agree with her and put Q. E. D. on my computations and she wouldn't have to figure it out either.

MARY LOFTUS, '29.

THE SENIOR PROM



WITH the dawn of the New Year comes the realization that the Senior Prom, our "ship of dreams" has at length reached port and is now a thing of the past. A painful realization, this, were it not for the fact that in passing from the stage of anticipation to that of reality and finally of reminiscence, the Prom lost none of the glow which surrounded it at its inception years ago in Freshman days. Usually, anticipation of a pleasure constitutes the larger part of the joy we actually experience. The occasion of our Senior Dance, however, is an exception. Here is one instance where the fulfilment of the dream far surpassed the splendor of the dream itself. Who will deny or even challenge this fact? Certainly not the Seniors, for they saw reflected in one another's happiness the achievement of ideals, the materialization of fairy castles. And certainly not their many friends whose very presence on that occasion showed their kindly interest and appreciation of our efforts.

Three years seems a long time to spend in preparation for any event and in reality it is. But it does not seem too long when we realize that it is for this, our Night of Nights, that we have planned and hoped and dreamed. And in the re-living of each precious moment, each little incident, we understand and appreciate this more fully. The luxury and sumptuousness of Sherry's ballroom, the dainty supper served in the spacious Music Room, the delights of Zimmerman's music which lent wings to our feet till almost dawning, the Christmas spirit of peace and good cheer hovering over everything—all these are little items which help to make up the happy, glorious whole. While the Promenade and Senior Dance to the tune of our College Song stirred within us feelings of pride and love for Alma Mater and aroused in us the consciousness of our dignity as her Senior daughters, at the same time it brought the poignant realization that this was "the beginning of the end." The favors, tokens of '26's sincere grati-

tude will serve, we hope, as pleasant reminders of the gladness occasioned by our last class dance.

And what shall we say of the business management of the Prom? What can be said of the inexhaustible energy and infinite patience and care with which Kay Kilgallan, our chairman, planned every minute detail? '26 realizes full well that not another one of its members could have borne so splendidly and capably the duties and trials of this position. In expressing our appreciation to her we are conscious of the inadequacy of any words of ours, for words could not possibly convey the depth of our gratitude and admiration. To her committee, too, we are grateful for the zeal and eagerness with which they assisted Kay in her many tasks.

And now we are left with only memories—memories “painted with colors that never fade.” And may the happiness with which we closed our last full year at St. Joseph’s be but the shadow of the real happiness we shall experience in the all-too-brief time left to us.

GENEVIEVE D’ALBORA, '26.

AFTER THE SENIOR PROM

FLASHING of tux’s, light flutter of gowns,
Shimmering shadows through the hours;
Men and maidens with radiant faces,
Like twilight glowing on summer flowers.

Lightly they promenade, fantastic,
Each heart apace with the glorious strain;
Each soul alert with laughter and music,
Oh! night of nights! Come back again!

MAREITTA C. ROCKEFELLER, '26.

Loria

"LITTERAE OBLECTAMEN REMANEANT IN AETERNUM"

LORIA is published four times during the scholastic year by the students of St. Joseph's College for Women, Brooklyn, N. Y.: in November, January, April, and June.

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EDITORIALS

THE PEACE OF CHRIST



ONCE again we have commemorated the Feast of Christmas. The Divine Child has become one of us to renew our faith and our love. His nearness and dearness are impressed upon our hearts. We have felt that curious sensation of calmness and soothing peace stealing over us. Our souls are at rest, confident in the strength of this Christ-child, so tiny, so helpless but at the same time all powerful. There is a spirit at Christmas entirely different from that of any other season. Lent with its sorrow, Easter with its joy in faith justified, Advent with its preparation, cannot be com-

pared to the quietude, the holy gladness that prevail at the Yuletide. Perhaps it is because we think of Christ as the Babe of Bethlehem rather than as the Lord and Master of Creation that we submit so readily to His knock. As babies always arouse in us a desire to exercise our loving protection, so it must be that the Divine Babe penetrates more deeply and more easily into the secret chambers of our souls. And did He not come as the Prince of Peace?

We must strive to keep the fire enkindled. It is better to sustain a low steady glow than to have the flame burst forth and then die out forever. We have captivated the Child. Let us keep Him enshrined in our hearts, that His childlike simplicity may be imparted to our very beings, that we may grow in love and trust, until we are worthy to enter His heavenly kingdom.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

Once more we are entering upon a New Year. What will it bring to us? This question ought not to be so very difficult to answer since the outcome depends so largely upon ourselves.

As a basic suggestion—why not begin the year right by making a few, well-chosen resolutions. Previous experience, sad to relate, has taught most of us the folly of a long list of self-inflicted reforms. There is no reason, however, why we cannot resolve to overcome a few of our more glaring faults or develop one or two greatly desired characteristics. There ought to be some consolation in the thought “it’s never too late to mend.” Now the opening of a New Year with everything making a fresh beginning seems a most appropriate time for us to turn over a new leaf and see what we can do in the way of self-improvement.

COURAGE

It is only as we grow older that we realize the spirit of the adage “tempus fugit.” With the second issue of *LORIA*, we find the scholastic year well advanced. Another milestone is

behind us, a new cycle of hope and achievement lies temptingly before us.

Meanwhile, everyone about is talking of the diffidence and timidity of Catholic women. We are urged to step forward, to show what we can do. We have heredity, training, ability, in our favor. For some unknown reason we have been stricken with an inferiority complex. Let us not be afraid to develop our capabilities to their utmost, that we may stand before the world, splendid examples of the type of womanhood that Catholicity produces.

With the inception of the New Year, therefore, let us strive as Catholic women, at least to keep pace if not to out-distance the advancing strides of the women of other faiths. Every field is open to us, the opportunities have been laid at our feet. It is our duty to use every possible avenue of development. Let us make it our pleasure as well, thus insuring the success of this and future years.

AS WE LIKE IT

COURTESY



UCH has been said about co-operation in respect to this publication. We have been asked to assist the editors of LORIA by submitting magazine material and by constructive criticism. But I do not think we should stop at that; the principle of mutual helpfulness may become a vital part of our whole college life.

To perform little acts of courtesy may take time but doesn't it give a grand and glorious feeling? And then, you may comfort yourself with the thought, as the students of psychology will tell you, that you are making firmer, and printing indelibly the neural patterns we have heard so much about. If you are not impressed by this scientific argument, observe the general effects of your good deed. A scrap of paper picked up; a book returned to its place, a locker door closed, all add to the orderliness which should distinguish our college halls.

Again it was voted last year that the students attend chapel exercises in cap and gown. Now that the Freshmen have their caps and gowns, is it not a duty to abide by our own law as well as a courtesy to our fellow-classmen to appear in Chapel attired in them? Why not observe the regulation of reserving to the Senior Classes the privilege of using the front door and the main stairs? That privilege is a prerogative of the highest class in the College, one we all hope to enjoy some day.

To aid the president of a society in conducting a meeting, the members of that society ought to realize that silence is invaluable. It not only helps the speaker to save her voice, but it facilitates the business of the meeting by enabling one to get the best possible results in the least time. In view of the importance of societies in college, it becomes the strict obligation of every girl in the student body to loyally uphold the rule of silence in Assembly.

Some may say that I am confusing order with courtesy, but surely observance of order is a manifestation of courtesy. It bespeaks power of self-control as well as consideration for the feelings of others, so let's get together and make Saint Joseph's the College of Courtesy.

LOUISE MCGOUGH, '26.

FOOLISH FANCIES OF A FLIPPANT FROSH

The other day I read a
Rather amusing and altogether
Charmingly foolish fairy story
Of a Boy who fell on his
Head when he was a
Baby, permanently disabling
The part of his brain which
Controlled fear, who on
Entering college from his
Home farm in the back
Woods of nowhere, and not
Knowing a football well
Enough to recognize it if
It offered him a seat in
The trolley car, became a
Gridiron hero in two
Weeks; it may not be
An original idea but
It struck me that
The same theory might
Be applied to our studies
If we went about them
With a little less fear of
Being knocked out, we
Might stand a better
Chance of smashing the
Line for a touchdown or
At least a few yards

Gain; at any rate the
Girl who played the
Game clear through with
The spirit of the above
Mentioned pigskin paramount
Would certainly make a
Heroine worthy of
Laura Jean Libbey or
Horatio Alger himself.
I remain very
Truly yours, M. M. M.

MARJORIE M. MURPHY, '29.

BASKETBALL

Our college athletics seems to have died away with hockey only to be reborn in basketball. This vigorous sport is driving our "Freshies out in larger numbers to the gym" twice and even three times a week. Yes, it does seem as though our youngest sisters will put us all to shame this year.

With good reason they should, for they know their business and are willing to get down to the famous "brass tacks." With the excellent material which the Freshmen offer us we have little fear of the places of our crack-shot, "Ceil" Dolan, and our speedster, Rita McCaffrey, remaining unfilled.

And now that our "'Varsity" is in action, girls, let us not withdraw our support like cowards, to let it struggle with a blunt sword against our formidable foes. Let us sharpen its edge with our cheers and spirit of loyalty so that our Alma Mater may be honored and not disgraced. We love our college; let us prove it.

Any girl who is not interested in the welfare of her team will be saved all unnecessary inconvenience by becoming members of the "Spineless Club." Only girls who belong to this club will be excused from showing their college spirit. Admission

will be granted to no one except those who answer the following questions in the negative:

1. Will you attend cheer practice?
2. Will you attend any of the games?
3. Do you care whether your 'Varsity wins or loses?
4. Have you any love for your fellow-students?
5. Are you desirous that the name of your college be honored?

If you can answer "no" to all these queries, you are a full-fledged member of the "Spineless Club." Congratulations!

Now, for all those who refuse to join the club—are you with us, girls?

On for victory!

VICTORY NUMBER ONE

At eleven o'clock last Saturday, we sport fans formed the first retinue of rooters for the 'Varsity of our beloved Alma Mater.

It was with rather expectant hearts that we followed our "six" to St. Elizabeth's for the first game of the season. Our fears were wholly unnecessary, however, for our team far surpassed our highest hopes.

I think we will remember most the "steam" which we displayed in the second half of the game. The first half was characterized by close guarding as shown by the score of 2 for us, one for the Jersey girls. Our vigor and dash as the first whistle blew for the second half showed that we were eager to tuck away the decision. And we did. 15—5—that was what the score-book showed as a final tally. St. Elizabeth's is our first victory. Let us hope we may have many more basketball triumphs.

To our 'Varsity: forwards, centers, and guards, we of LORIA, though rather late in doing so, extend hearty congratulations and wishes for success.

THE MAN-HATER

(A Ballad)

There was a maide at S. J. C.
Who hated every manne.
She saide, "To spite the hatefulle thinges,
"I'll doeth all I canne.

"To heare the name of one of themme
It filles my soule with hate."
Thenne the maiden went to college
And mette a fulle sadde fate.

For every course the maiden took
A manly name it bore;
But she did vow she'd conquerre all
Though it hurte her to the core.

Phil Osophy made her heade to ache
Cy Cology the same;
Jim Nasium caused her back to break,
And alas, her sylph-like frame.

And Ed U Cation was a pest,
He gave her lots of trouble;
His-tory, it was just a bore,
His principle a bubble.

But when she reached her Senior yeare
She died of alle her knowledge.
"Alas, Alas," quoth the maiden faire,
"Woulde I wente not to college."

Note: This is a very ancient ballad. The tragedy is considered important because it is the first time in history that a man ever conquered a woman.

MABEL BARTON, '26.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE NOW AND THEN"

Various remarks on the high seriousness of some magazines, *LORIA* among the chief offenders, have reached our all too keen ears since our November issue. "Why is there not at least one humorous article?" "Why must we always have 'heavy' subject-matter?" So say we all. But who will write the humorous article? Who will send in the essay that will not be too heavy? Contributions as well as criticisms are requested.

Yet very few "undergrads" take the matter to heart. The editors are all too eager to appropriate for publication anything of local interest. What a woeful lack of material there is! Humor must characterize *some* happenings within "245's" halls. Else why do we hear so much merriment at odd times? Often when one is fortunate enough to have a free hour and happens to pass by a classroom, peals of laughter greet the ear. Could not that mirth-provoking incident be used as subject-matter for *LORIA*?

That humorous things are happening continuously is so evident, that it seems superfluous to refer to the matter. For example, witness the sad story of an "undergrad," class concealed, who spent an hour in Pratt Library, seeking "Icebound," when unknown to her, Whittier's winter idyl had been assigned. Numbers of characteristic "sayings and doings" might be catalogued. The ever familiar blue book incident would afford a wealth of humorous anecdotes in themselves.

What is wrong with us? We want a representative college magazine. Is it possible that humor plays no part in our college life? It would seem so, to judge by our dearth of "Antidotes." A feasible method suggested for overcoming this difficulty in regard to the fun phase, has been offered. Could not each class be made responsible for some contribution to a fun column? Let humor hunting become the task of certain wits in these classes. Surely there are such persons in each class. Let the task be assigned to them of collecting bits of humor in the form of class

capers, quiz-queries, foolish fancies, funny foibles. Then might we hope for better things. No longer need we "dodge the issue" of humor. We could present to our readers, we trust, a few pages of "guaranteed to produce mirth" productions.

A. McS., '27.

DON'T YOU REMEMBER

Don't *you remember*—

The Girl who wants her fellow-students to think

She spends the day as follows:

Arrives in school three-quarters of an hour late for first period;

Cuts second and third hour;

Spends entire afternoon in Freye's;

Goes to Biltmore for tea;

Decides to go home for dinner;

Then goes to a dance;

Arriving home at 4 A. M.

But this is how she really spends the day—

Gets to school before it opens;

Attends all classes and has all lessons prepared;

Goes home at 3:30 and does dishes;

Spends rest of afternoon doing homework;

Has dinner and does dishes again, after which

She takes her little sister to the movies.

M. VIRGINIA KANE, '29.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

"DISRAELI" Lectures may come and lectures may go, but to us of St. Joseph's the advent of Mr. Edward Abner Thompson will always be greeted with the heartiest of welcomes. His delightful dramatic reading of "Disraeli" on the occasion of the recent U. A. reception to the new members of the faculty was received with deep appreciation and enjoyment by all. Besides the reading, an attractive musical program was presented and an address of welcome delivered by Miss Margaret Johnston, President of the Undergraduate Association.

CATHOLIC STUDENTS' MISSION CRUSADE Friday, November 10th, at a solemn ceremonial of initiation, the Freshmen of St. Joseph's College were received into the Stella Maris Circle of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade.

Father John Skelly, the Crusade's field secretary for Brooklyn, spoke on the students' mission movement. The Freshmen under the direction of the President of the Circle pledged themselves "to fight for the Cross, to win the world for the Cross." After the other classes had renewed their pledge, the entire college sang the hymn, "Holy God." The exercises closed with a recessional, played while the students marched out of the auditorium.

A. E. D.

SOPHOMORE RECEPTION TO JUNIORS The members of the Upper Sophomore Class were hostesses to the Junior Class at a very delightful party on Monday, November 23d. The College reception room was decorated in blue and gray. The Committee in charge of the affair was composed of Misses Edna McCormick, Chairman; Mary Middlecamp, Marie O'Shea, Margaret Harnett, Catherine Quinn and Betty Judge.

M. O. S., '28.

THE PAGEANT We were all glad to hear that the Mission Pageant, "The Dreamer Awakes," met with the great success it deserved. Our Alma Mater cannot help experiencing a feeling of just pride at the large representation of St. Joseph's girls.

This tribute applies particularly to the Alumnae who gave their valuable time so willingly. Helen Campbell, Concepta Castellano, Gertrude Dilworth, Agnita Duffy, Mary McGinnis, Florence Newman, Grace O'Brien, Emily O'Mara, Marion Teaken and Marie Uhlinger were among those who had prominent parts. Of the undergraduates Mary Cherry, Irene Roth and Marjorie Murphy deserve special mention for their participation in this great work.

Girls from the student body also made up the impressive group of angels, with Anne Schrage as the Guardian Angel. In the final tableau the Seniors typified the college girl of to-day answering the urgent appeal of the Crusader, "God wills it!" Undoubtedly, the pageant was an unprecedented success and we are delighted that St. Joseph's was so well represented in it.

A. S., '27.

MATHEMATICS CLUB That our hands may be turned inside out, and that a nut may be removed without breaking or in any way injuring its shell, were demonstrated at a recent gathering of mathematic's lovers. These seeming impossibilities became actualities when the fourth dimension was used.

At the November meeting of the Mathematics Club, these and other novel phases of the science of figures and planes were discussed. The Club is a recent institution in the College, and if we may judge from the response to its first meeting the future promises much for the advancement of interest in mathematics among the students.

Besides the mysteries of the fourth and n -dimensional space, there were some other very instructive talks. The place of Oral Work in Algebra was discussed by Mary Lynch, '26. Anna Schrage, '27, gave an instructive paper on "The Use of the Slide

Rule." The interesting topic, "Number Stories of Long Ago," was considered by Margaret Harnett, '28, Eugénia Cormier, '28, and Marge Hertil, '28. The humorous side of mathematics was entertainingly shown by Katherine Kilgallen, '26, Margaret Normile, '27, Bessie Judge, '28, and Agnes Kelly, '28, who gave us many puzzling "Mathematical Recreations."

**"THE CULTURAL VALUE
OF POETRY"**

The Literary Society lecture and tea on December 7th was entirely successful. The musical program, which was very much worth while, augured well for a pleasurable afternoon. As the reverend lecturer remarked, "A good beginning is half the program." Miss Bernadette Garvey, President of the Society, introduced Father Michael Earls, S.J., who spoke on "The Cultural Value of Poetry."

Father Earls outlined poetical form in its development from the Greek drama to the present day. His division of poetry into poems of sense, of nature and of the Divine Will expressed in nature, with illustrations from the work of several poets, was particularly interesting.

Miss Garvey gracefully expressed to Father Earls at the close the appreciation of the student body. A. E. D., '26.

**JUNIOR
WEEK**

It has been decided to hold Junior Week the second week in February. As plans stand now, on Monday morning, February 8th, the Juniors will have Mass and Communion Breakfast. That evening they will be entertained by their beloved Sister Class, the Class of 1925.

Tuesday afternoon, February 9th, has been reserved for the Junior Reception to the College.

On February 10th, the Senior Class has invited them to be their guests.

Friday, February 12th, has of course a double significance. Besides being Lincoln's Birthday, it is the date of the Junior Promenade. It will be the fitting climax of a week that promises to be the happiest Junior Week ever spent in the College.

The members of the Committee chosen for Junior Week are: Misses Eileen McLaughlin, honorary chairman, Louise McGough, chairman; and the Misses Mary Cunningham, Miriam Cleary, Irene Lavin, Irene McMahon, Anne Schrage and Marge Harnett.
L. McG., '27.

**JUNIOR
PROM** The much anticipated announcement of the details of the Junior Prom caused quite a flutter of excitement and enthusiasm throughout the College, especially since the committee, quite ambitious, has firmly avowed that the Junior Prom will even out-do the recent glorious Senior Prom.

Miss Margaret Normile is the very active Chairman of the Prom which is to be held on Friday, February 12th. The Grand Ballroom of the Hotel Ritz-Carlton with its gorgeous settings and luxuriant atmosphere will be the scene of the affair and the Meyer-Davis orchestra will provide the dance music. The committee with mysterious secrecy has assured every one of the beauty and utility of the favors.

The Honorary Chairman is Miss Eileen McLaughlin. The other members of the Committee are: Misses Gertrude Berry, Bernadette Dolan, Virginia Nathan, Katherine Normile and Helen Reynolds.
B. M. D., '27.

IN MEMORIAM

LORIA extends sincere sympathy to Agnes McShane '26 on the death of her father.

THE EXCHANGE

The Stylus.

Boston College, Chestnut Hill, Mass.

We have frequently perceived the wisdom of the old adage, "Don't judge a book by its cover." But that there are exceptions to every good rule is proved by the fact that *The Stylus* might well be judged by its general appearance and attractive cover within whose pages lies some very excellent material.

A certain strain of Celtic wit, sentiment and emotion pervades this magazine, especially in such articles as "To the Gael," a spirited plea for recognition of the work done by the Irish in the American Revolution. There are several equally fine poems, almost all having a fanciful strain, the most beautiful being "Maureen." "For the World's Wrong" is an artistic appreciation of Shelley from which we quote a bit: "Shelley to me is the greatest poet, because he is at once the most ethereal and the most human. His fancies may wanton among the clouds but his feet stumble along the same stony road that stretches before each of us." "The Old Order Changeth" is a short story, very unique in subject and plot.

The Record.

Trinity College, Washington, D. C.

The silver jubilee of the founding of Trinity College was celebrated very recently and the spirit of pride felt by the students in this fact is plainly shown throughout the pages of the magazine, especially in such articles as a reproduction of the Jubilee Sermon, a commemorative verse, a jubilee editorial and "An Historical Sketch of Trinity College." The latter includes several highly amusing incidents, some of which can be fully appreciated by those of us who were in our own College during the building of the addition. A series of essays on "Oxford in the Vacation" includes "Oxford Outside of Term-Time," "Oxford Spirit," "Customs," "Gardens" and "Types." Any ad-

mirer of the poems of Joyce Kilmer or his wife Aline would be pleased in no small degree with the intimate glimpses of their home life permitted the reader in "Kilmer Moments." The editor regrets that lack of space prevents her quoting even a few stanzas from some of the lovely poems in this issue.

The Alvernia.

St. Francis College, Loretto, Penn.

The Thanksgiving number of "The Alvernia" is remarkable for its wealth of literary material. Several of its exhaustive essays show keen insight and deep thought in the realm of English literature. They might well serve as reference works to any student of that subject. The following are some of the topics embraced: "Critical Essay on Ruskin's Lilies," "The Early Formation and Development of the English Language," "Growth of Our Mother Tongue," "Types of English Literature," and "Geoffrey Chaucer and His Predecessors." Special mention is due to an expository essay, "Happiness and Success," which expresses an uncommon viewpoint and a realization of the meaning of life in so young a writer. "The Dictograph," the comic section is quite clever, proving to be a remarkable combination of the sublime and the ridiculous.

The Creightonian.

Creighton University, Omaha, Neb.

To the staff of *The Creightonian* we extend congratulations on the recent award of first prize given to this paper as the most representative of its kind in the North Central Association. We note with pleasure the four pages recently added to this chronicle of the student activities. The editorials are a commendable feature and are permeated with Western spirit. They run the gamut of topics, interesting and applicable to collegians. A few that particularly appeal to us are, "When Age Would Speak," "The Race Between Education and Catastrophe," and "A Mid-Western Literature."

Mother Seton Journal.

Mt. St. Joseph College, Mt. St. Joseph, Ohio.

This magazine is the journal of the Academy and College of Mt. St. Joseph. Like so many others it contains that seemingly universal plea for coöperation and constructive criticism from the student body. All the articles in the magazine are concise in form and terse in style. Glancing through the pages we recall having enjoyed most, those on "Edgar A. Guest," "Ad Multos Annos" and "The Rosary Hour."

The Torch.

St. John's College, Brooklyn, N. Y.

With the growth and expansion of St. John's, we note an accompanying increase in the size of its weekly paper. It treats almost exclusively of the doings in the College and Law School, featuring all forms of athletics. Of current interest has been the recently concluded series of articles on America's entrance into the World Court, which were most conclusive in proving the affirmative of the question.

The Voice.

St. Francis College, Brooklyn, N. Y.

This paper is published bi-monthly and devoted to the interests of St. Francis College and Prep. A large amount of space is given to sports which are written up in a characteristic fashion. The feature columns of the paper are "The Observatory," "The Book Reviewer," and "The Cream Ladle."

BERNADETTE M. DOLAN, '27.

BOOKS

The Unhurrying Chase. H. F. M. Prescott.

The books that are published every week could not easily be counted, if for any reason one wished to undertake such a task. Hence it is that when we find a really worthwhile book from among this vast number we wish to give it special mention. In this category *The Unhurrying Chase*, by H. F. M. Prescott, a new figure in the literary world, ought to be placed. The effect of the book on the mind is not readily forgotten.

Its power lies in the theme, which is the same as that of Francis Thompson's *Hound of Heaven*. Yves of Rifancon, a troubadour of medieval France, has gradually lost all his possessions, and with them his hopes and his interests in life. He considers that Count Richard in retaining and extending his vast lands, is to blame for this loss of heritage. His attitude of mind finally leads him to the lowest depths of crime and despair to which man can go. Yet, he is aware of "the feet"—of the Divine Hunter of Souls which ever follow him, but Whom he will not acknowledge. He asks, "Ah! must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn with it?" The anguish he suffers during the few intervals his conscience is not smothered, is powerfully told. His horrible deeds impress us with the blackness of sin. The "unhurrying chase" eventually overtakes the soul it has pursued through many years of perversion and Yves is brought back to the faith into which he was born.

The narrative is skillfully handled, the action never lags. But a story of this period to be well told would necessarily contain a quick march of events. The lords of the manors scattered over France never knew what the next day would bring

forth, especially when Count Richard was going on his merry way through France. He passed through villages and left ruins behind. From this point of view Count Richard was despicable. But, when Yves met him face to face, and was offered a generous and sincere restoration of his lost property, it was the chivalrous and charming *Coeur de Lion* who was portrayed. In the two glimpses that we have of him we feel the vigor and attraction of his personality, and we see the reason for the many legends attached to his name.

The book has a historical value in its descriptions of all classes of medieval society. The account of Richard's retinue in its rich accoutrements, elaborate plan of living and entertaining, is deftly drawn. The lords of the manors are arrogant and cunning as a type, who have perfect control over their vassals and knights. The life of the squire and his rise to knighthood might be read as a profitable way of learning the process by which a knight gains his title. The ladies of the court provide an interesting study of another aspect of society with their amusements, their position in which chivalry placed them, and their frequent power in controlling the destiny of a court.

All this lies against a background of nature and architecture indigenous to the times. Medieval castles rise up in a dim glory, and frown down upon a fair France darkened in places by gory fields of battle. Peaceful monasteries are found throughout the land, giving aid to travelers and performing the diverse duties which they assumed so well. But even they were not free from fear of attack by the ruthless bands of *Rontiers* which wandered up and down the land. In sharp contrast, a frequent and often startling reminder to travelers of all classes, there often stood on top of a high hill, a huge cross with a rude carving of Christ's crucified figure thereon.

It is at such a spot in the first chapter of the book, that Yves of Rifancon meets a monk who makes him realize that God in pursuit of the soul wants—all. Yves is afraid of this thought, but finally submits to it, and for the first time finds happiness. The final words of the book are poetry in prose; and while they

could never rival Francis Thompson's immortal poem, yet a simple beauty emanates from them which is truly art. Yves has just seen a procession of monks going slowly along the road, and the book then closes with these words:

"When it was gone he opened his eyes with a little sigh like a child waking, and looked about him. He saw that he held the crucifix, and wondered mistily why he did so, staring at it for a moment; then he raised it to his lips and kissed it, lightly and simply as a child kisses. It was his submission, yet, when he started off along the road to Niort, walking slowly, and dangling the crucifix by its ring from his finger, there was nothing in his mind but a child's interest in the little wild live things among the grass and the bushes."

I. V. L., '25.

Tales of the Long Bow. Gilbert K. Chesterton.

When one begins a new book of Chesterton's he expects something out of the ordinary. True, he looks for the Chestertonian style, the sweep and vigor that are characteristic of this author. But he is never content with this. There must be and there always is, something novel, something really new and worth while.

In this volume we have a series of entertaining episodes that provoke one's imagination and carry one away in gales of laughter. Fantastic tales are used in a delightful manner to illustrate popular sayings. You did not know that pigs really can be made to fly, did you? Well, Hilary Pierce, the professional aviator with the look of a poet, proved to a scoffing world that it can be done. The rest of the Long Bowmen also prided themselves on the logical, if rather literal, fashion, in which they fulfilled certain vows. They rescued society from the slough of broken promises, even though in so doing Colonel Crane had to eat his hat and Owen Hood had to achieve the seemingly impossible feat of setting the Thames on fire. These grotesque men, all members of the League of the Long Bow, rejoiced in their successes. They became known by the nickname of Liars. The motto, "Only Liars Tell the Truth," was a catch phrase on every one's

lips. Their tall tales were true stories sometimes. All their battles began as jokes and ended as jokes. "They will linger only as faintly laughable legends, if they linger at all," said Owen Hood. "They may pass an idle hour or fill an empty page and even the man who tells them will not take them seriously."

Chesterton's attitude in this story is rather peculiar. He is a chronicler of the Long Bow and continually begs the reader's pardon for writing his "singularly unproductive and unprofitable labors." But he is Chesterton all the way to the end of those same labors. He delights us and we cannot find it in our hearts to agree with him when he says, "—— the foolish scribe of the Long Bow will not commit the last folly of defending his dreams. He at least has drawn a bow at a venture and shot an arrow into the air; and he has no intention of looking for it in the oaks or expecting to find it sticking in a mortal or murderous manner in the heart of a friend. His is only a toy bow. When a boy shoots with such a bow, it is generally very difficult to find the arrow—or the boy." M. E. S. '27.

Caravan. John Galsworthy.

Caravan, by John Galsworthy, has been printed several times, a fact which proves its popularity. In this, Galsworthy has gathered together and arranged chronologically all the short stories that he has written since 1900. He has included those which are his best and those which do not measure up to his standard. But in all of them we see his characteristic method of presenting life in its most realistic aspect.

Sadness is the emotion which he stresses. Even in "The Bright Side," which would imply a more cheerful subject, we feel the deepest pity for a brave little family which has been the victim of unwise government management during the late war. "Conscience" is a psychological story. It is the study of a journalist who has discovered that he has a conscience. Short stories are necessities; and *Caravan* well supplies this need. It is a book which not only gives entertainment, but one which all

the while forces the reader to think deeply on a number of subjects that refuse to be carelessly dismissed. I. V. L., '26.

Social Progress in Contemporary Europe. Frederic Austin Ogg.

Not only the history student, but also everyone who is interested in the social progress of humanity, might well find this book a source of valuable information. The social, intellectual, legal and industrial changes, during the last century and a quarter, are traced in an interesting, straightforward style.

Professor Ogg presents a setting of the historical background of the eighteenth century. He shows how the nineteenth century developed rapidly in new directions. Transformations were accomplished and numerous problems were solved.

While this brief survey explains the origins and character of the chief lines of social progress, the author warns that what is progress to-day may be reaction to-morrow, and what by one person is considered progress may by another be termed retrogression. We can afford to weigh this statement after reading the book. We, as Americans, should be interested in these problems, for similar ones face us, and it is wise to benefit by the experience of other and older peoples. M. C. R., '26.

The Professor's House. Willa Cather.

Willa Cather's novel, *The Professor's House*, has been called "disturbingly beautiful." This is an accurate evaluation to one who has read the book, but it means very little to anyone else. As the name suggests, the book draws a character study of Professor St. Peter and his household. At times it is realistic to such a point of depression, that we feel like offering the professor a few suggestions for a more helpful philosophy. It is not only of life among the more intellectual classes of society that Willa Cather writes, but also of life in a little western railroad town. The second division of the book, "Tom Outland's Story," is that which makes the book a work of art. It tells of the mesa on which a lost tribe of Indians lived, possibly thousands of years ago. The remains prove that they were a highly

civilized people. The ruins of their beautiful village in the cliffs is a picture imprinted indelibly on the memory. A side of nature unfamiliar to most of us is revealed in all its grandeur and majesty,—a country of purple and red cliffs which look down from dizzy heights upon the canyons and rivers below. Although the character study of the professor is well written, the writer has done incomparably better work in the portrayal of America's unequaled Western scenery. I. V. L., '26.

ALUMNAE NOTES

ALUMNAE DANCE

Thus far, the Alumnae Dance, which opened our social season on November 23d, is the only function which may be spoken of in terms of the past. Like its predecessors, the dance was unquestionably a social success. It is a combination of former Proms and undergraduate dances of college days and in this light we enjoyed to the fullest all the pleasure accompanying our social reunion.

The beautiful Mirror Room of the Hotel Plaza formed a delightful setting for the happy group. The spirit of reminiscence was in the air, and it was this more than anything else which made the evening such a pleasant one.

The success of the dance is due in large measure to the able chairman, Gertrude Roberts, '23, and her committee consisting of Ethel Kellam, '20, Grace Byrne, '21, Ruth Kramer, '22, Roselyn Weiden, '23, Regina Munz, '24, and Muriel McCarthy, '25.

M. I. L., '23.

ALUMNAE CALENDAR

One of the novel features of the dance was the attractive dance orders, which gave the social calendar for 1925-1926. The events for the year include:

Card Party.....January 9th

Knights of Columbus Club

Theater Party.....February 6th

Mass and Communion.....March 23d

The College

Alumnae Play.....April 19th

Alumnae Luncheon.....June

The Commodore

ELECTION OF OFFICERS Since the last issue of LORIA an election of officers has taken place. Mrs. William Plant is now serving her second term as President; Agnita Duffy, Vice-President; Constance Doyle, Corresponding Secretary; Margaret Lennon, Recording Secretary; Claire O'Malley, Treasurer.

M. I. L., '23.

THE PAGEANT The presentation during the Thanksgiving holidays of the Crusade Pageant, "The Dreamer Awakes," is one of the activities which has brought our Alumnae, as a dramatic body before the people of Brooklyn. The fact that practically all the speaking rôles were awarded to our girls is in itself an important fact. Those of our Alumnae who were honored by being selected for this production brought to their task unremitting zeal and enthusiasm. This is truly significant of their interest in things worth while in view of the many other activities with which they are busied.

Those who were most prominent in the performance are: Dorothy Willman, '23, Chairman of the Publicity Committee; Gertrude Dilworth, '25, Helen Campbell, '21, Concepta Castellano, '24, Emily O'Mara, '25, Mary M. McGinnis, '25, Grace O'Brien, '25, Florence Newman, '21, Marion Teaken, '24, Agnita Duffy, '21, Grace Byrne, '21, Marie Uhlinger, '20.

'20 At the Alumnae Luncheon in June the engagement of Ethel Kellam to Robert E. Griebel was announced. LORIA joins Ethel's many friends in wishing her happiness. G. U. R., '23.

'24 Announcement has been made of the marriage of Christine Gibson to Mr. L. Dougherty. That Christine's life of wedded bliss may be truly happy is the sincere wish of the Alumnae.

'25 We note in '25's scrolls two very important entries. The first is the announcement of Marion Aubert's engagement to Mr. Thomas A. McDonald; the second, that of Elsa Harper

to James H. McAvoy, Jr. The Alumnae wish Marion and Elsa the fullest meed of happiness and extend to Mr. McDonald and Mr. McAvoy their heartiest congratulations. M. McG., '25.

IN MEMORIAM

LORIA extends sincere sympathy to Marie McConnell, '20, on the death of her brother, Rev. James McConnell.

Dorothy Dempsey, '25, on the death of her father.

R. I. P.

ANOTHER INSTANCE OF "CHURCH AND SCIENCE"

Again our materialistic friends have received a severe bump, and the agnostic pseudo-scientists (who doubt all religion because science is true, they argue, and science and religion are incongruous) are conscious of a dangerous unbalancing of their mental scales. Now, as throughout the whole history of the Church, we find Rome fostering not only the spirit of scientific research and investigation, but also executing a practical demonstration of one of the sciences,—in this instance, medicine.

The Vatican Missionary Exposition was the idea of Our Holy Father. It was he who outlined the general project, and though the more careful design and minute care of this gigantic enterprise were entrusted to His Eminence, William Cardinal Van Rossum, and His Grace, Francis Marchetti-Selvaggiano, Our Holy Father followed the progress of the plans with steady interest. A particular expression of his fatherly love and personal affection for the brave missionaries, and of his foresight and vision of actual conditions on the mission field, resulted in the Medical Section of the Exposition.

The Medical Exhibit was to include demonstrations of diseases peculiar to the countries where missionaries labor, the causes and pathogenetical organization of such diseases, means of prevention, and known remedies. Its aim was to offer means of promoting the physical well-being of missionaries on the field, and to assist missionaries in alleviating the sufferings of their pagan children. Rev. Augustino Gemelli, O.F.M., a member of the medical profession, now President of the great Sacred Heart University of Milan, was appointed Chairman. He was ably assisted by Doctor G. Franchini, of the University of Bologna, and by other noted experts along medical lines.

There were sixteen sections or booths of the Exhibit. Some of the diseases treated were malaria, one of the greatest torments on the mission field; leprosy, the hideous scourge of oriental countries; sleeping-sickness, elephantiasis, plague, trachoma, typhus, cholera, children's diseases, alcoholism and tuberculosis.

The cause, ancient method of cure, modern scientific medicaments and preventives were well portrayed by means of charts, maps, electric-slides, various specimens, wax models and drawings.

So great was the result of this remarkable undertaking that the Italian Government issued invitations to all of the medical world throughout Europe, and proclaimed a command to insure the attendance of all of the doctors of Italy at the Exhibit.

The world again is forced to open its eyes, and marvel. But, really,—why marvel? Is not this but another attempt on the part of the Church to heed the mandates of Christ? And by showing a little Christian charity in healing the sick are not the missionaries instilling love of Christ in the simple hearts of the pagan?

Let ye scientists cease your worries,—and look to the Light of Truth!

DOROTHY WILLMAN. '23.

Loria

St. Joseph's College for Women
Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Loria

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LIMITATION

WERE my harp the woodland trees
And my fingers, touch of wind
Soul uplifting harmonies
Mother Nature had entwined;
But—my harp is only strings
And my fingers, touch of love
Though I see the lark's gray wings
Breezes catch the song above.

ALICE C. GALLAGHER, '27.

THE ROSE AND THE LILY



OUTSIDE—a world worn out with its own busy life, wearied even in its vain success. Within—another world revealed by the soft light which discloses the figure of a woman, kneeling beside the bed of a child, its sweet tones lisping its mother's prayer. Soon all is still, the child slumbers peacefully.

Caressingly pushing back some straying ringlets from that yet unburdened forehead, the mother utters a fervent prayer that God will keep those eyes as innocent and the heart as trustful as it is tonight.

* * * * *

As the mother prays on, angels, pleased that they may perform the Almighty's wishes, carry that little spirit into the land of dreams. At once, the child is in Heaven's garden of flowers. On one side stretches an eternal field, resplendent with the invariable redness of its flowers, while on the other, an unending expanse replete with towering blossoms of dazzling whiteness.

As the child lingers, now at one scarlet flower and now at another, she questions her ethereal companions as to the flower's natures. Then in an awed voice, one interprets the essential qualities of the different blossoms, omitting nothing, for in this abode of the blissful, chaste youth understands what worldly middle age and penitent old life cannot comprehend.

The angel narrates that all Heaven was witness to the indescribable agonies of the world's Redeemer in the Garden of Gethsemani on that unforgettable night. The ground upon which His precious Blood fell fast was far too hallowed for mortal feet to tread upon indifferently and so each heavenly spirit descended to earth reverently bore back each atom of the sacred dust to the treasureland of Heaven. Forthwith, this beautiful blossom appeared, which was known as the "Passion Flower" with its frail, red petals symbolic of Christ's sacrificial Blood and its odor, redolent of Paradise.

The spiritual narrator then describes the history of the other stately flower with its snowwhite blossoms. One small cloud separated itself from the mass upon which Christ was being borne to His celestial home, and combined with the golden light from the dazzling brilliance of His glorified form. So a flower was created with its center saffron-colored, and its fragrance caught from the incense offered to the risen Savior. Thus the "Resurrection Flower," testifying sweetness of hope, sprang into being.

Then, that man might taste of the angels' joy in these two treasures, these heavenly spirits descended one night and planted on earth both the "Passion Flower" and the "Resurrection Flower" that one might carry his thoughts to the death of Christ and the other might strengthen his desires for union with Him.

* * * * *

A celestial smile plays about the child's mouth. The mother with tranquil heart, believes that her prayer has been carried to the throne of the Ever-Watchful One.

VIRGILE J. M. DOYLE, '29.

THE SIXTH SENSE



MUCH has been said within the last few years about a so-called sixth sense. While there are a few "intelligentes" who deem themselves well versed in this subject, the vast majority of people lay no claim to any knowledge of it. Since it has long been an open question, I see no harm in closing the discussion by choosing a sixth sense of my own. And whether my theory be true or false, I know of no better "sixth" sense than the sense of humor.

No doubt, my presumption of authority is great, in attempting to discuss this topic; but then, no one else knows much about it either. The thing has yet to be defined. But I do know that a good sense of humor is a priceless gift, and I dare say, a necessary one. We observe how the humorous person always extracts pleasure from life, and, how the over serious person loses this enjoyment. Perhaps a safe law of humor would be: the amount of pleasure you derive from life is in direct proportion to your sense of humor.

Humor, like other qualities, varies with the individual, according to association, nationality and education. These always stamp everlasting impressions. A doctor, because of his training, would think it humorous to sleep over a morgue, into which bodies are brought at all hours of the day and night. The very thought of this would strike the average person with horror.

The line dividing humor into classes is rather sharply drawn by nationality. People of one nationality might be quick, keen, brilliant, spontaneous; those of another might be deeper, more subtle, not so much given to hilarity. Then, there is the group with a practical humor. One of this group would laugh heartily on spilling a cup of scalding coffee on a chum. Of all senses of humor this last is the most despicable because it finds pleasure in another's misery. This latter sense of humor cannot be strictly sense confined to one nationality. There are individuals with such a humor in every group of people.

The people with whom we associate have a strong influence on our humor. A person of keen humor can give you such a slant on a serious matter as to make it seem ridiculous. Now for instance, I imagine I am creating a masterpiece sitting down here, chewing the end of my pen, corrugating my brow, and racking my brains in an attempt to squeeze out an essay. If only some humorous person would come along who could tell how foolish I look, I am sure the tension would be pleasantly broken by a hearty laugh.

To be valuable, a sense of humor must work both ways. One must be as ready to laugh at himself as at others. For instance, the fat man who laughs boisterously at a poor girl whose heel remains in a car track should laugh at himself when he slips on a banana peel. Instead, he orates in strong language to an innocent banana peel that does not comprehend one word of his speech. Such a sense of humor is faulty because it admits of only "one-way traffic."

Then there is the diplomatic side of humor to consider. That is, you must not laugh at the wrong time lest your humor, instead of giving you pleasure, bring punishment in its wake. Now if you have a "prof" whose sensitive spot is injured when you snicker in his class, it might be wiser to save it until later lest said "prof" feels it his duty to flunk you for the course. You must never give way to humor unless a smile on the "prof's" face gives you a signal to venture a giggle. If however, you cannot suppress your laughter, a good suggestion might be to take a violent fit of coughing and so leave the room.

Ethicians say that our humor is one of the marks differentiating us from lower animals. Then, to gain the prestige proper to rational animals, it is necessary to have a sense of humor. Besides, think of the pleasure you can have with a good sense of humor. But be careful that your humor be big and tactful. And if at any time in life you find yourself becoming crabbed, stale or cynical, kneel down at night and pray, "Please God, a sense of humor."

MABEL BARTON, '26.

MYSTERIES



IN many directions we see the fascination that mystery holds. The mystery story of our literature is always a best-seller. It is one of the books, if well written, which a reader will stay up all night to finish. In pedagogy, too, is found the element of mystery, used as a means of motivation; that is, in the appeal to the desire of the child to solve a problem, to discover the unknown.

The solution of a mystery brings untold satisfaction to the mind. But there are some mysteries which will never be solved by man. In these is found the beauty of faith in all its strength. It is because of faith that we have known since childhood days that God is One in three Divine Persons. To understand this is beyond human intelligence; yet, we believe it as if it were a physical fact, known to us through the perception of the senses. It is faith which makes us believe; and we hear the words of Christ, "Because thou hast seen Me, Thomas, thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen, and have believed." Because of a strong faith these mysteries do not confuse the mind. We even find solace in dwelling upon thoughts of them, particularly in the fifteen mysteries on which we meditate in saying the rosary. And how many of us know how to fill our minds with these thoughts? A current magazine quotes that "the meditation on the fifteen mysteries of our redemption is the main thing," and continues, "The slipping of the beads through the hands would then only measure the time and the 'Hail Mary's' would only occupy the lips to serve as music to the lovely thoughts within."

The mystery of a perfect trust in God's care for everyone of us is a most comforting thought. Christ tells us that He knows of the fall of every sparrow, and asks if we are not more than they. Confidence that He will provide is the only means of acquiring and retaining a calm and contented state of mind. And yet how many of us rely so implicitly on God's providence

that, if we listen, we can hear Him whisper to us, too, "Thy faith hath made thee whole?"

In prayer are discovered innumerable aspects of mystery. One of the most fascinating methods of prayer may be found in praying daily for an indefinite, "those who have no one to pray for them and need a prayer at this moment," or, "the dying," or, "those in temptation." You will wonder to what part of the world your prayer has traveled, whom it has helped, or if, perchance, it has reverted to you as the one who had most need of it.

The many thoughts that arise from this mode of prayer, from the contemplation of the doctrine and dogma of our religion, form the most interesting mystery story of all times. It is a story which began before the world, and will not be solved until the end of all things. Then we shall hear from the Lips which told us to have faith in these mysteries, the answer to all that we do not understand. We shall understand the beauty of the rose, the softness of the raindrop, the unfolding of the leaves in spring. Then—we shall know where our prayers have flown. Then—there will be no mystery.

IRENE V. LENT, '26.

FAITH

Dedicated to Reverend Father Gillis, C.S.P.

AND when the Darkness comes there is a Light,
One faint ray of hope. Oh, but that beam
Is dim and far above, that one weak whisper
Of despair would seem to snuff it out
And leave us in an everlasting Night.

Yet a miracle! The blacker is the night
Of our Despair; the brighter shines the Holy Light
And we, the weak—willed creatures of the sod,
Realize therein our God!

A. T. D., '28.

“ALMOST IN THE CLOUDS”



O a visitor in Paris a trip up the Eiffel Tower is one of the most important events of a very busy stay. The Tower is the tallest structure in the world, although from a distance, it appears to be of no unusual height. However, as one nears it, seemingly it grows with unusual rapidity, and when at last, you drive under its base, it seems to be infinite. A small park, beautifully laid out with rows of trees and flowers, surrounds the tower. There are four elevators. The first a very large one is drawn slowly up an incline. Stopping at the first stage, one steps out upon a landing. Two stairways lead to the top of the tower, one spiral, the other similar to those in any home. However, no one would have the desire to try climbing them. But at last the view which presents a beautiful panorama of Paris, claims all one's attention. There is a chimney about a hundred yards from the foot of the tower, and it would pay one to take a note of its location in order to watch for it on succeeding stops.

A whistle recalls one to the fact that there is farther to go and a second inclined elevator similar to the first awaits. At the second stage, which is smaller than the previous one, the vast difference in the height from the ground is readily noticed. The chimney appears to be almost directly under the tower, and other objects cannot be seen without grave danger of falling.

The third and fourth elevators, unlike the first two, are drawn straight up. During this trip one might notice the strong cable which supports the car. Indeed everyone wishes it more lasting strength and durability. Finally the top is reached. It is a small stage compared to those beneath it, and is enclosed on all four sides with large windows. The visitor is usually glad of this when he sees the height at which he stands, for it is dizzying. There is also an upper level open to the sky, and provided with several telescopes. Above it is a radio and wire-less station, said to be a most powerful one. In venturing, while there, to approach the edge and glance over the railing

to the ground far, far beneath, one takes but a glance and that a quick one, for during it a most insane desire to jump over seizes one. From the enclosed platform far beyond can be seen the limits of Paris. The whole of the forest known as the Bois du Boulogne, with its beautiful drives and homes, these last of course, undistinguishable, can be described in the distance. Beyond these are the foothills and open country. In another direction is the Champs Élysées, that renowned driveway, leading from the Arc de Triomphe to the Place de la Concorde, the center of Paris. Beyond that are the Tuileries and the Louvre, the former being extensive gardens surrounding the Grand Palace, the Louvre. Other points of interest, as the Notre Dame Cathedral, Les Invalides, the Seine River, winding its way like a serpent through the city, can also be seen to great advantage; but one would need almost a book to adequately describe the whole of the view. It is stupendous, and wonderful.

Upon returning to earth and again setting foot on the ground, one experiences a most peculiar sensation. It is as if one has been in a sojourn to the clouds during a nightmare, and has just awakened at home.

FRANCES R. WINKLER, '28.

A MISSION



THE College Calendar indicates that the scholastic year is quickly drawing to a close. Commencement with its extravagantly high promise is rapidly approaching. Then, one will hear wondrous dreams and visions of the future. It is very inspiring to shed such a rosy glow over the years to come, but how much better it would be to tell the homely truth.

To show that, for the majority, life must course in two channels, might produce more universal success. The college girl of today is the teacher of tomorrow. She need not sit before a class and hear the recitations of the pupils to fulfill her mission. Are not mothers the first and best of teachers? No one will contest the truth of the statement that a "career" for most women means marriage and the consequent raising of a family. True, many women become teachers and a few devote their abilities to the other professions. Even so, the work of women is still the guidance and molding of youth. They are the ones whose influence will direct the young to the goal of honest, up-right living.

This is not an easy task. Sometimes the test of endurance is the power of resting quiescent. To meet each day as it comes, bearing its trials, sharing its joys, endeavoring to keep to the rugged path of duty—all this spells sacrifice. It requires heroism but promises no glory. To give unselfishly the best one has to give marks a life truly worthy.

"Life is a legacy and a trust." After a comparatively short period the day of reckoning comes, when deeds prove either allies or enemies. The power and weight of accomplishment are mighty. For this reason, the accounting is more sternly exacted. Motives and circumstances may be extenuating, but they do not excuse completely. Deep rooted and abiding principles, rather than external conditions must determine the line of action. These guiding principles must be so thoroughly embedded

as to prove superior to the incidental factors of life which, all too frequently are allowed to become the governing powers.

To cherish the legacy and fulfill the trust are two most laudable achievements. The world needs concrete instances of such valiant souls, as is evidenced by the constant plea for women leaders. It is a large order, but there is no one better qualified to fill it than the girl of Catholic training and Catholic ideals. She must be faithful to the trust. She must give herself. She it is who must conscientiously lead the young souls entrusted to her care, in the face of discouragement, fatigue and too frequently, failure, attendant upon such an enterprise. Catholic womanhood is capable. Let it show its power to the world.

MARY McDONELL, '26.

FROM THE SHELVES



HUMP! Thud! A neat little green volume fell into its place on the lowest book shelf. It was "Horace's Odes" in the vernacular. The poor little thing fell on its back cover with a yawn. The Bible, who was the most lordly of the tomes and always acted most fatherly toward the little ones, spoke. "Don't you think you've been overworked this past week, my child?" A grunting sound came from the other end of the library. "Overworked indeed, and to little avail. All that fellow does around here is spoil my linguistic dignity and depreciate my beauty of thought and original expression. Oh! if my own creator, Horace, could see the impostor. The good old days lurk far behind us!"

"Do not scowl, little Horace," was the paternal advice. "Remember, the old order changeth and giveth place to the new. Times are different. You are the classic. The present generation is still interested in you but impatient to take the quickest means of knowing you. To translate you is a feat. The man who succeeds is proud to put into readable English your sublime thoughts and lyric moods. Little green Horace who has just returned is your friend, the medium between you and this modern nation foreign to yours."

Horace frowned as best a book can. He gave a low grumble about something like "frequent use" and "its resulting in abuse," and lots of other things that the books pretended not to hear.

The Bible had another problem on hand. A brand new history book was in pain. "Dear Child, how you do groan. What can we do for you?"

The history paused as if waiting for relief, then spoke slowly, "I spent a torturous night. One of the students here took me home for assignment work. I was delighted beyond measure to be on my first duty. But, alas! when she got me home, she proceeded with the agonizing operation of splitting my uncut pages. But no further use of me was made. As for

the assignment,—well, that must have been obtained elsewhere. I'm glad to be back. Just let me stay here until my wounds heal and don't bother me. Oh! That I had been an English literature."

"It is well that you cannot have your wish. But your suffering will be short and your beauty is still unmarred," spoke Century Readings. "I have no desire that anyone should ever endure my place. I think every Freshman came to me for her assignment this week. Think of it! Over seventy of them! The result is that I am horribly scarred on page two hundred and it will never wear off. My other pages are so lovely and white. My plight is lamentable indeed!"

Latin Horace's feelings were not yet soothed. "I agree with you, Century. These Freshmen are heartless. I've known the sting of a pencil point many times between my lines. But I love the impish little things withal. I owe my existence within these walls to them. There would be no use for me here if it weren't for the Baby collegiates and what would a college be without them?"

"I think I can offer myself as an example of patience," said the Scripture. "I ought to be the most downhearted volume in this library. Why, I am so thoroughly memorized and quoted by the Sophomores, that need of reference to me is rare, unless around examination time. In consideration of what these students have of my material in their brains, I'm second-hand information."

"You are fortunate that the Sophs do not bother you," came a response from Rhetoric, scarcely observable because of his distance from those lately concerned. "I always take them as Freshmen, who have shaken off that first year timidity and are breathing their new freedom as college students. How happy I feel to watch the remarkable change when they advance to Junior year—Sophomores perfected. Somehow I envy Tacitus, constantly uncomplaining. He can easily smile on our difficulties because he knows only that gentle handling ladies use. And well can Ethics look down on us, who take these

students untrained, and polish their rough edges, so to speak, and pass them on, year after year, to him."

"Well," broke in the Bible, "we do see them through their tender years. Yet how much the happier we are for it! I wonder, if anyone of them thinks of what we are giving her. When she tosses one of our brotherhood carelessly on a table or shelf, or drops one with an unmerciful thud to the floor, or bends the corners of our pages or marks indelible figures thereon,—does she realize that for this abuse we punish nought and in spite of it we give her our all, everything that we contain? Well, it may take her the four years to realize it. But even then let us be satisfied. Our hurt feelings and broken backs are worth the task. Though the years leave us even more decrepit and bruised, though our backs ache, though our feelings are often hurt, the pride of our nine thousand souls swells! Look at our work—Transformation continually going on from thoughtless giddy Freshies to serious studious Seniors. Could even the heart of a book desire more?" FRANCES MCGUIRE, '29.

REMEMBRANCE

WITH marigolds and golden daffodils
Maturing spring has wreathed the upturned hills,
And garlanded the old familiar path
For homing swallows in the aftermath.

I see the thrush along the woodland pass,
The bending birches, and the pools of glass
The lonely road, the tearful April rain
And feel your very presence once again.

KATHRYN M. LINZMEYER, '27.

Loria

"LITTERAE OBLECTAMEN REMANEANT IN AETERNUM"

LORIA is published four times during the scholastic year by the students of St. Joseph's College for Women, Brooklyn, N. Y.: in November, January, April, and June.

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EDITORIALS

EASTER



LIKE the majority of her children, the Church celebrates her many anniversaries. The occasion is a double solemnity for her. Easter marks the celebration of the spiritual foundation upon which her faith rests. "If Christ be not risen from the dead, then is our faith vain," St. Paul declared. What an overwhelming surprise it must have been for Mary Magdalene when she found the tomb empty! One can almost realize her sorrow, her sense of loss when she discovered her Master was not there. Then how great was her joy when the risen Lord revealed Himself to her.

The Lenten preparation may be compared to Mary's sorrow, for at that time, we understand in some small measure, that the Christ is lost to us through sin. At the end of the season our grief is deepest, for then we observe the separation of the Holy One from His people. When the curtain is lifted the gladness of Easter is reflected in our hearts. Our joy is greater or less, according to the amount of penance we have performed. Mortification of the flesh bings us closer to Christ. It enables us to feel, within man's limited comprehension, a little of His agony. As we partake of His suffering so shall we share His happiness which will be eternal.

We have put aside the garments of penance. In our enjoyment of this new contentment, let us not forget it cost an immeasurable price, that we may not lapse so quickly into our old ways.

OUR MAGAZINE

It seems as the years advance, that LORIA is keeping pace with their progress. Within our memory, it consisted of a number of mimeographed sheets bound with the aid of a stitching machine. In fact, we have been everything but type-setters at some stage of our collegiate career. Now, however, LORIA is launched as a full-fledged periodical.

The college has grown amazingly. It has more than doubled its number since we joined its ranks. It is no longer possible for upper classmen to reach Sophomores and Freshmen so easily. We have endeavored to have the Magazine accomplish what could not be done by the students. We feel that we have succeeded in securing the response of our younger sisters.

In order to strengthen the bonds of college spirit, it was suggested that a member of each of the lower classes be elected to the Editorial Board. The proposal met with instant approval. As a result, Margaret McNulty, '28, and Marjorie Murphy, '29, have been admitted to the Staff. Both have displayed ability and energy. We hope these qualities will ripen with the years, that LORIA may one day attain its goal—Excellence.

IN RETROSPECTION

This, the last issue of LORIA, comes to us as a forceful reminder that the scholastic year 1925-1926 is rapidly nearing its close. Our mid-terms and Easter vacation have sped by; now there remain but a few weeks, followed by final examination, and then—for some, Commencement, for others, a step nearer the goal. However unpleasant the task, it is nevertheless, wise to pause a moment and look back on our college days. For us to whom June will bring the coveted "A. B.," retrospection is doubly unpleasant. There comes with it, not alone regrets for past indifference, but something even more than regret—a sadness for the culmination of a period of life that can never be relived. Those of us for whom June means a briefer day at St. Joseph's, would do well to form a resolution to make the most of each golden hour that still remains to us. May each precious one not only bring to us God's gifts of time and health, but may it carry back to Him that same talent freighted with works aplenty.

SWAN SONG

"We who are about to die, salute you," and saluting, pass on to the land of the past. Our final issue of LORIA cannot but make us feel like one who has run his race and now reaches the end, leaving the banner for some follower to carry on to greater glory and achievement. This is our "swan song," for nevermore will our attempts at song and story find place in a college magazine.

There is no doubt, however, that our successors will prove most efficient in carrying the banner to greater heights of literary endeavor. Their respect for the ideals and traditions of LORIA and our Alma Mater is too great for them to do otherwise. And so with sadness at the passing, but with the greatest confidence for the future we leave LORIA in the hands of its new staff.

VALE

"Goodbye!"—Oh what a world of tragedy is in that one little word! It can tug at one's heartstrings and loosen the flood gates of tears. Or, more poignant still, it can be said with a smile which never reveals the pain beneath it. The goodbye of friends holds a great meed of sorrow for there is always the fear that perhaps one will forget. When classmates say goodbye, it is always a sad affair though it is done with many a gulp and a joke. Each one is going his own way. The friends of four strenuous years are suddenly wrenched apart to the sorrow of all of them.

We are now in the unhappy position of saying goodbye to those who have endeared themselves to us. And it is such a difficult thing to do! An associate editor knows that she is not equal to the task. But, she can at least tell the senior editors that their work has been appreciated. All the difficulties of getting LORIA well started, the trouble of hunting copy, the endless, ceaseless tasks that require so much attention and win so little recognition, have been done so kindly and generously. Things like these, only we of the "Board" know. We should like to say thank you many, many times, but we know our thanks would be feeble. The editor-in-chief and the other senior editors deserve a great deal more than thanks. But unfortunately, we must limit ourselves to that.

Once again, we say that we appreciate the unfailing devotion of our senior members to LORIA. We shall try to carry on as they have taught us during our association together. Now that the notes of their swan song are about to be struck, we promise them that we shall do our best. And now—farewell. May you have the happiness in life that you deserve and may your future be as successful as your college days have been. And may the same generosity with which you worked for LORIA bring you to your goal. Vale!

AS WE LIKE IT

CLASS COLORS



IT is not the milestones on the road of life that bring us joy and happiness, but rather the "jots and tittles" at every step. Somehow, all of us dismiss them carelessly or completely ignore them. Yet, if we only consider for a moment, we see how important the little things really are and how greatly they influence our lives.

Our recent decision in General Assembly about class colors would seem to belong to this order. On first thought, it appears insignificant whether or not the incoming Freshmen take the colors of the recently graduated class. One would think that only the class of '29 would be interested in their adoption of the blue and gold of '26. On second thought, however, the decision becomes a concern of all.

It has been urged that the incoming class use the furniture and hangings of the recent graduates. Instead of having each class spend several weeks (not to talk of that ever-scarce commodity, money) in pulling down and painting over the work of the previous occupants, the new Freshmen would fall heir to a room decorated in their own colors. They would be beautifully equipped to start college life on a firm basis. A great burden of expense and of tedious planning and arranging would be lifted from their shoulders. Their struggles with paint and brush and enamel would be postponed until some future date, should they decide that they "really ought to clean up the sanctum; it is such a mess!"

Not only is the advantage a decidedly practical one, but it has also among its merits that of sentiment. Think of the good will this handing down of colors will engender! The very fact that these have been the colors of your beloved sister class should create a feeling of love and reverence for them. To think that our predecessors have handed down this very furniture should make each girl feel that the college tradition is alive, for the de-

parting class hands down more than an electric stove or a rug, it breathes the glorious college spirit of "old-times" into the new Freshies. The four walls of the sanctum will radiate memories so that every newcomer will absorb them and will be the better for the contact. The S. J. C. of pioneer days when each one was for everyone else, and everyone was for the college, will be re-established.

Then, too, there are many possibilities of friendship as each fourth year a new cycle is completed. Surely as *alumnæ* all of us who boast of the same colors will be glad to become acquainted. "Grand-sister" classes will establish a little intimate union all their own. Will not each have lived under the same banner, in the same sanctum, decorated with the same colors for four happy years? Colors are such intimate things that they will intensify this friendly spirit and will create more happiness.

These colors, inanimate though they are, yet possessing such a potent influence over the life of each class, will form an endless chain that will last long after individual members are forgotten. And, in the far distant future, some class may question, when this cycle began, who first conceived the idea? The spirit of the past will tell them that it was we who are in the college now, who looked down through the years with the longing that our class colors would be perpetuated and would be loved even as we love them. They may then pause in their grind of college work to think of us; perhaps they may smile; perchance they will whisper a prayer. Surely they will be one with the girls who are now in the college in this year of Our Lord, 1926.

CLASS OF '27.

BEHIND THE SCENES

Have you ever, at a theatrical performance, let your thoughts wander beyond the spectacle going on before your eyes? Have you ever considered all that must take place behind the scenes—discouraging try-outs, wearying rehearsals, immense expenditures of time and money and above all, definite and novel plans, before the perfected whole is presented to us? Why, the final achievement would be as nothing without the unconsidered and unhonored work behind the scenes.

And this is true not only of the theatrical world; it applies equally to every pursuit. Always it is the brilliant result that receives commendation, but how could the result be attained without competent workers putting forth every effort to achieve it?

The phase of this "behind the scenes" activity that occurs at college is extremely interesting, and naturally, to us, worth considering. College life without it is entirely unthinkable. Who would set the machine in motion, or—as we are most familiar with it, decorate and prepare the refreshments for the several class parties, varsity games and lectures? Most of us, I am afraid, like the theater audience, give little heed to this part of it, taking, with all the enthusiasm of youth and inexperience, the "gifts the gods provide"—the gods in this instance being our much harassed classmates.

Do you wonder that they are excited and worried? To begin with there is a menu to be arranged—a terrible tax on one's ingenuity since it must be remembered that even guests may agree that "variety is the spice of life." And besides, the pocketbook of the class or society running the affair is unfortunately never elastic.

Eventually, however, that difficulty is overcome and the committee starts on a shopping tour. Provided the funds hold out and the committee is of similar tastes there is little trouble and so all is ready for the great event. That is—all but the

final step. Why is it, we of long experience in this gentle art wonder, that no matter how early we start, how many assistants there are and how definite the plans may be, the final second invariably sees a wild dash to the convent to borrow a very essential water-pitcher or a last minute hurry trip to the store for some forgotten sugar? Another source of worry to the committee is the fact that they never know just when to serve. With cold supper this difficulty is obviated, but we believe many of our guests have gone away with unpleasant memories of cold coffee and decidedly melting ice cream. Probably, however, constant practice will enable us to guess with some degree of accuracy, at just what time refreshments are to be served and so that will be one less worry.

But after all, working "behind the scenes" has numerous advantages. It is only on such occasions that the much desired privilege of riding in the elevator becomes a reality. Do you blame us if—for the thrill of a ride in it—a few more than actually necessary visits to the kitchen are thought of?

When all the work is over there comes the best part of all—a cozy, chatty supper with one's dearest friends, who by some remarkable process always seem to be on the same committee. Do you wonder then that we are convinced that one of the very best aspects of college life is working "behind the scenes?"

MARGARET CROWLEY, '26.

JUNIOR WEEK

To Alumnae it was "just another Junior Week." To the lower Classmen, it was a week to envy. To Seniors, it was the means of bringing back memories of their most happy Junior Year. To the Juniors themselves, it was the fulfillment of dreams, hopes and anticipations of almost three years.

The joyous week began with the long established custom—Holy Communion and breakfast at the college. Monday night their sister class, the first to entertain the Juniors, were hostesses at a delightful dinner at the Elks' Club. The spirit of friendli-

ness and comradeship always a characteristic of their beloved sisters was never more manifest, and their guests regretfully awakened to the reality that time had come between them and that they were no longer of the same college, except as Alumnae and students. However, the atmosphere was so pleasant and cheerful that their despondency vanished and their hilarity proved their enjoyment of the evening.

The Junior Reception to Faculty and Students was the next big event. This was preceded by a short dramatic recital. Miss Virginia Nathan's sweet voice lent a charming musical air to the entertainment. Miss Anne Schrage, whose dramatic ability is well-known in the College, gave excerpts from the "Shoes That Danced." The work of this young Barrymore was superb and the murmurs of regret at the close of her remarkable recitation, were sufficient evidence of her listeners' appreciation. Miss Mary Stack closed the recital with several artistically given piano solos.

Following the reception, the Juniors prepared for an interesting evening with the musical comedy, "Hello Lola." This mirth provoking production ended another perfect day in the history of Junior Week.

On Wednesday, as guests of the Senior Class, the Juniors again went to the theater, this time to see the gorgeously gowned, altogether beautiful Genevieve Tobin, in "Sweetheart Time." Supplementing Miss Tobin were the ever witty Eddie Buzzell, and a very clever chorus. The music was lively and bright and at the end of the night, many a Junior was convinced that "A Girl in Your Arms is Worth Two in Your Dreams."

And then the Prom! The crowning glory of Junior Week—one of the biggest events of college days, held in the beautiful ballroom of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, the strains of Meyer Davis' music floating through the air. Never was a prom more enjoyable. However acceptable they were, one does not need the little blue and the large black favors to remember the dance. The memories will last forever.

The Juniors consider themselves fortunate that they can

number as one of them Miss Margaret Normile, chairman, whose earnest efforts and clever management made the prom so successful. To her and her committee, and also to Miss Louise McGough, Chairman of Junior Week, the Junior Class extends its gratitude.

MARGARET O'REILLY, '27.

DISCOURAGEMENT

Human nature, we have been told many times over, is heir to numerous legacies. The heritage which has come down to us from generations ago is a veritable conglomeration of good and evil, pleasant and unpleasant. The question of just how much we appreciate the bequest is a little bit difficult to answer. There are some things we possess by reason of our nature for which we are truly grateful. On the other hand, how many, many frailties are ours—and also by reason of that same human nature. Discouragement is, perhaps, one of the worst forms of weakness which has come down through the ages to us of today.

“If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same;
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken
And stoop and build 'em up again, with worn-out tools,
Then you'll be a man!”

If he had added “or a woman, too” his lines would have been more accurate, for it is not man alone who must rebuild with worn-out tools. But how many of us find this business of reconstruction enduring, much less easy? If there is one thing which calls for almost superhuman effort, it is this task of starting anew when we have met with, not failure alone, but worse, with discouragement and despair.

A student's life is not by any means, exempt from this difficulty. As a matter of fact, it is here that a great many hard knocks are administered. In almost every class, some well-meaning professor feels bound in conscience to impress upon his pupils their woeful ignorance. It stands to reason that a person

who comes to college is aware of his shortcomings and really wants to improve; else why actually waste four good years at college if not for self-betterment. Equally obvious is the fact that the average student of twenty-one years of age can hardly know as much as the professor who has been teaching at least five years. And yet the cry in all classes is, "How did you ever get to college without knowing that?" Who can tell? Certainly not the student. All he knows is that he is there, and without that particular fact, too.

From psychology, we know that bringing a fact to the focus of attention and relegating all other matter to the margin of attention, impresses the fact upon the mind. Very evidently it is not the psychology professor alone who makes use of this principle. But, sad to relate, the principle acts and reacts. The reaction will most likely be the strengthening of the inferiority complex which is probably included in our heritage of the ages. Obviously, that is a poor method and not the desired result.

What is the remedy for the situation? We might suggest that professors expect less of their pupils, thus working on the principle that he who expects little is never disappointed. But how much of a help would that be? Not a very great one, for it would eventually lead to the intellectual degradation, rather than improvement, of man. That is certainly not what we are striving for. A better suggestion might be a more understanding attitude on the part of all concerned. Time, patience and sincerity are magic charms. Given these, the average person can ultimately succeed. And perhaps ten years from now, when history is repeating itself, the disheartened student of today will be asking of others, even as did the professor of old, "How did you ever get to college without knowing that?"

GENEVIEVE D'ALBORA, '26.

OUR VARSITY

Without a doubt there are many people who judge the standing of a college by the record of its athletic teams. This, of course, is faulty reasoning, but should St. Joseph's be rated solely on the merit of her basketball squad, her reputation would be just as great as it is now.

The 1926 Varsity is an aggregation of athletes of whom we may justly be proud. Seldom has a group of girls, each possessing an abundance of pep, endurance, accuracy and clear-headedness, appeared at one and the same time on St. Joseph's Court, but such a good fortune occurred this year with the result that we have a team that is at once the joy of the college and the sorrow of all opponents.

Under the able coaching of Miss Constance Cody and the competent leadership of Captain Kay Kilgallen, these individual stars have been trained to unite their efforts in a system of teamwork that is perfect.

Due to their expert playing, the Varsity went through a most unusually successful season, although the schedule arranged by Manager Mabel Barton was nothing if not rigorous. True they stumbled once, but that single defeat only made the numerous victories more glorious, for it proved that the gold and white fought worthy opponents.

The 1926 basketball season has come to a close. The squad's work was splendid and indeed we are proud of it. Our utmost co-operation in the successful season we are justified in expecting during the coming year, is pledged to them.

IRENE ROTH, '29.

MANHATTANVILLE VS. ST. JOSEPH'S

30—37

February thirteenth—the day after the Junior Prom! What a wonderful effect it produced on our team. Contrary to all expectations they played against Manhattanville's speedy sextet

with an unusual pep and vim that succeeded in attaining a lead of seven points for us with the closing whistle. The team was in great form that day, and, as a body played a wonderful game. No single member can be praised as in that game particularly the team-work was a laudable feature.

HUNTER VS. ST. JOSEPH'S
23—30

To beat this team, which had been the principal stumbling block of our predecessors, was an event worthy of a lengthy and complimentary write-up. We have neither the time nor the space to do more than congratulate each member of the team who so admirably defended the Gold and White on that memorable occasion. May they continue as successfully in their splendid record.

ADELPHI VS. ST. JOSEPH'S
23—27

Each game as it comes along seems to be the most important, but most of us will agree that the game of February 24th, with Adelphi, was the high water mark of the passing season. In the Athletic history of S. J. C. a record is made of the varsity's bowing in defeat before their neighboring team for the past years. The game was always an important one, between Brooklyn's two colleges for women. Are we not proud, this year, when, having defeated them for the first time, we are able to hold up our heads, and perhaps brag a little about the girls who showed their skill and pluck so advantageously in that game?

NEW ROCHELLE ALUMNÆ VS. ST. JOSEPH'S
15—29

On February 27th, when we played our single game with the New Rochelle Alumnæ, we proudly (perhaps too much so) chalked up our eighth consecutive victory. At the start of the

game our girls got a good lead by some rather spectacular shooting. This served them well, for as the game continued the scoring was on the opponent's side, accompanied by close guarding preventing a continuance of any rapid point making. Our opponents gracefully took their defeat. They play the game for the pleasure it affords and prove themselves on every occasion to be wonderful sports.

MANHATTANVILLE VS. ST. JOSEPH'S
31—16

Our first defeat! Indeed it was hard to take and still more difficult to relate; yet a defeat at the hands of such players is not so bad as it may seem. They are a group of the swiftest and neatest players there are—a compliment reflecting on our own team who showed their speed in defeating them earlier in the season and their near playing in the last game in which there was not a single foul recorded against us. There are three more games in which we can complete our record and leave but this single blot to be removed next season.

HUNTER VS. ST. JOSEPH'S
18—24

Hopes and fears mingled within our breasts prior to the game with Hunter on March 20th. The odds, perhaps seemed slightly in our favor, although reports had leaked out of Hunter's strenuous practising in preparation for the combat. The result was a brilliant struggle, in which the superior technique of our Varsity players was cleverly demonstrated. There was excitement aplenty during the course of the game, the score at the beginning of the last quarter being 18-17 in our favor. The ratio of the scoring during that quarter proved the ability of our team to keep in the lead, reserving sufficient energy to give added strength at the climactic moment. Out of a schedule of ten games this was our ninth victory—a splendid record made by a remarkable team. EILEEN J. McLAUGHLIN, '28.

ATHLETIC LOYALTY

AN APPRECIATION

College days are always filled with events. Social events scattered here and there during a year of scholastic activities, make pleasant memory gems. So also, to many of us, do activities in the field of sports. Hockey and baseball recall days of jovial companionship in sport. It is hard to duplicate them in the world outside college. Athletic meets closing each sporting season are occasions for redisplaying undergraduate loyalty and friendship. Basketball, always the luminary sport of S. J. C., holds numerous instances for retrospect. The season of 1925-26 now becomes but a memory. The noteworthy success of Alma Mater's basketball squad will always be remembered. To the three Senior members of our Varsity Squad, Kathryn Kilgallen, Mary Lynch and Agnes McShane, whose achievements are well-known, we take the opportunity of expressing, all too meagerly, our appreciation. All our sport fans have done their utmost towards making the season a most memorable one. May we have many more like it!

The girls to whom we owe a debt of gratitude for our successful basketball season are: Mary Lynch, right forward; Katherine Wilson, left forward; Margaret Wilson, center; Estelle Stawiarski, side center; Kathryn Kilgallen, right guard; Agnes McShane, left guard.

The second team consists of: Virginia Nathan, Mary Keller, Eileen J. McLaughlin, Helen Kenny, Mary Kane, and Colette Bourke.

APPRECIATION OF YE EASTER BONNETTE

I.

It is ye springtime, yeare two six of ye fifteenth centurie,
 Ye time when damsels blossom forth in Easter finerie,
 Ye time when yewling lambs come out to gambol on ye greene,
 Ye time when birds are heard to sing and gay floweres are seen.
 Ye maidens gather in ye grupe, ye gossip to imparte
 Ye frilles and ruffles to admire, so deare to maiden heart;
 And all with one accord are filled with joye unboundening
 To see ye hatte of Mistress Peg, the prettiest in ye ring.
 "Gadzooks!" says one, "yon bonnette doth become prodigious
 fine."

"Odds bodkins! Verily ye plumes are wonderful of line."
 "Marry, it is wondrous large and flops quite stylishlie."
 "Methinks ye floweres on the top are beautiful to see."
 "Ah coz, ye bonnette is ye verie prettiest, I wean
 And ye trimying more elaborate than any I have seen."

II.

"Tis nineteen twenty-six and signs of spring are all about,
 The lambs kick heels above their heads, the daffodils are out.
 Soft fleecy clouds sail lazily across the azure sky
 With hair mown short, in tailored suits, the girls go tripping by.
 Look down the street, and who are they, that come so merrily?
 For truly if I see aright they are from S. J. C.
 How fast their tongues are wagging as they talk of this and that,
 And can it be they're *all* in love with Peggy's newest hat?
 "My dear," says one, "I crave your hat, I think it's simply
 stunning,"
 "It's ravishing, please take it off, you put us out of running."
 "The shape is just adorable, it's so divinely small,"
 "Of every hat I've seen you in, I like it best of all."
 "O thank you! Do you really think you like my 'Easter bon-
 net?' "

"It is the very *smartest* thing, for it has no trimming on it."

MARJORIE M. MURPHY, '29.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

BLESSING

NEW BUILDING

With the increase in registration the faculty found it necessary to enlarge the college by the acquisition of a new building. The students had been awaiting the opening of it with great impatience. Consequently on January 25th, the long period of anticipation was ended when the entire student body assembled in the new building while Father Dillon blessed it.

Not only does this new addition provide ample class-room space and a splendid new library but, far more important to us, the alumnæ and each class have been given a room which they may furnish as they wish and use at their own pleasure.

M. J. H., '26.

CLASS COLORS

A noteworthy precedent was established recently when the Undergraduate Association voted to pass on the colors of the graduating seniors to the freshmen who will enter the following September. It is the hope of the students that a stronger bond of loyalty will be established as a result of this attempt at fostering a greater feeling of loyalty among classes.

THE CATHOLIC THEORY OF ARTS AND LETTERS

The literary society lecture of March 18th was most successful. The musical program which was truly worth while, contributed to a keen appreciation of the beauty of the Arts. Miss Bernadette Garvey, President of the Society, introduced Miss Blanche Mary Kelly, Litt. D., who spoke on "The Catholic Theory of Arts and Letters."

Doctor Kelly reminded us that beauty in itself is one thing, but the perception of that beauty is something quite apart from it. Her distinction of the pagan from the Christian perception of Art was very significant. The pagan limited himself to what he could perfectly express. His was a worship of the natural

and physical beauty as seen by the eye. With Catholicism, art became the communication of a spirit through a form. It was realization applied to reality, for the Church realized that "The soul rises by material things to the contemplation of the Divine."

G. M. M., '26.

BARONESS DE HUECK On March 26, 1926, the student body was privileged to attend a lecture given by the Baroness de Hueck under the auspices of the Apostleship of Study. For those who had the pleasure of hearing the Baroness there is need of no comment. We have all heard much of the starvation and sufferings in Russia, but never before were these facts so forcibly brought home to us as when we listened with bated breath and keen interest to the pathetic tale of suffering in Russia as told by one of her own countrywomen. The horrors of the war were as nothing compared to the cruelties and hardships undergone by those of the middle and aristocratic classes of Russia under the reign of Communism. The personal note in Baroness de Hueck's story added greatly to our interest in her recital of the inhumanities of the Bolsheviks.

Perhaps that which impressed us most was the deep and lively trust in God shown by the Baroness de Hueck throughout all her trials. And even now her chief concern is not the material aid of her suffering countrymen, but to bring them religious help. The keynote of her speech was the great opportunity there is at present for the return of the Eastern Churches to the fold. The Baroness holds that the conversion of these people would not be slow and gradual as that of the Chinese, but quick and in large numbers. For this Baroness de Hueck begged our spiritual support by prayers, and suffered it as the motive for the recital of her personal experiences which at each revival is to her so heartrending.

M. F. K., '26.

ALUMNAE DAY This year St. Joseph's is witnessing something entirely new in its history—Alumnæ Day. This event at which the Alumnæ will be guests of the Undergraduate

Association will be held on Thursday, April 15th. An entertainment will take place in the auditorium at which Reverend William T. Dillon, J.D., will be the principal speaker. The Reverend Father Williams, Father Connors and several other artists will entertain the guests. Tea will be served after the entertainment. In charge of the affair are Bernadette Garvey, '26, chairman; Agnes McShane, '26; Margaret Howard, '26; Louise McGough, '27; Eileen McLaughlin, '27; Eleanor Woods, '28; Helen Allen, '28; Dorothy Murphy, '29, and Katherine Bett, '29.

FEDERATION RECEPTION It is the custom each year for the Brooklyn Circle of the International Federation of Catholic Alumni to entertain the graduates of the Catholic high schools at a reception and tea. This event, which will be held this year on Wednesday, April 28th, is of particular interest to us, not only because we are the only Catholic women's college in Brooklyn, but because of the deep interest the Federation has at all times evinced in us.

SPRING DANCE Scarcely had the strains of "Home Sweet Home" signalled the close of the Junior Promenade, when we heard the eager inquiry, "Are you going to the Spring Dance?"

Now that the warm lazy days have come again, interest in the dance has redoubled. Early in February when the snow covered the ground, the Student Council elected Miss Agnes Daly, '26, the chairman of the Spring Dance. Miss Daly announces that it will be held in the Astor Galleries of the Waldorf Astoria on Thursday, April 29, 1926. One of Zimmerman's orchestras will furnish the music.

Assisting Miss Daly are the Misses Margaret Johnston, honorary chairman, Agnes McShane, Eileen McLaughlin, Margaret Harnett, Dorothea Murphy, Eleanor Woods and Margaret Wilson.
L. McG., '27.

MISSION DAY

Once again, preparations are being made for our annual Mission Day. To help swell the Bishop Molloy Burse at Maryknoll is the why of this important event, while the ambition of both College and Alumnæ is to make each succeeding Mission Day a greater success than its predecessors. This can be accomplished only with the help of each individual girl. Those who have taken part in Mission Days of other years realize this and will, we are confident, co-operate to the utmost. Of those to whom this occasion is an entirely new phase of college life, we ask support and enthusiastic assistance, as far as they are able to give them. The cause is a worthy one and no amount of effort is too great to give towards it. Only in this way can we make May 8th the greatest Mission Day in our College Annals.

G. A. D., '26.

**THE DRAMATIC
CLUB**

Once more the sock and buskin hold sway within our midst. This time the Dramatic Club has chosen to present "Three Pills in a Bottle" by Rachel Lyman Field, together with Edmund Rostand's, "The Roman-cers." Very capable casts are busily at work. With Mary Cherry, our sub-coach, the rest of our staff, doing its best, and Miss Gertrude Walsh, director, we feel no promises, however big, are given rashly.

FEDERATION NOTES

BROOKLYN CIRCLE MOTION PICTURE CONCERT

The much heralded motion picture, Pope Pius XI., will be shown for the first time in the United States under the auspices of Brooklyn Circle at the Academy of Music on the afternoons and evenings of April 14th and 15th. So that every Catholic family in Brooklyn may have the privilege of seeing this extraordinary picture, the admission will be unusually low. The picture shows the ceremonies attendant on the opening and closing of the Holy Year, the canonization of the Little Flower and intimate glimpses of the life of the Holy Father in the Vatican, never filmed before.

SPRING TEA AND RECEPTION TO GRADUATES

The annual Spring Tea and Musicale in honor of the graduates of St. Joseph's College and the federated academies of the dioceses will be held at the Hotel Bossert on Wednesday afternoon, April 28th. Kathleen Norris, well-known novelist, will give an informal talk to graduates of '26. On this occasion she will be presented with copies of her two most successful books, *Mother and Noon*, written in Braille. A very attractive musical program is anticipated for the circle has been more than fortunate in securing the promises of several prominent members of the Metropolitan Opera Company to entertain.

BERNADETTE DOLAN, '27.

THE EXCHANGE

Georgetown College Journal,

Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.

Viewed from every angle, it must be conceded that the Journal is one of the most representative college magazines. The February issue contains an innovation in such publications, a real, honest-to-goodness, gripping detective story, "The Midnight Chord." An appreciation of Thomas Stearns Eliot is characteristically concluded. "Mr. Eliot's poetry, like every other worth while work of literature is a reflection of the age in which the writer lives, and in such a poem as 'The Wasteland,' the contemporary condition of mental and emotional confusion wherein the dream and the ideal become entangled with the practical and the real, has found unmistakably clear expression." "Because no Man Thinketh" deplores the woeful lack of present day meditation and assigns as a cause: "Serious contemplation takes time. Perhaps, that is why the campuses and classrooms of an age of speed—and distance—records, are with desolation made desolate—because no man thinketh in his heart." The poetry in this number is unusual and "The Idealist" and "Ode to Fortitude" are worthy of more than mere mention.

The Holy Cross Purple.

Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.

The *Purple* for February proved no exception to the well-known high standard maintained by this magazine. "The Case Against Journalistic Criticism" is ably defended in a straightforward, vigorous style. Several timely essays concern such subjects as "Snowballs and Roses," "Wordsworth and Poetic Diction," "The Slippers of the Goddess," a romantic tale of

medieval days and "Prince Pom," an imaginative but tragic episode of ancient times, are written in a splendid style with remarkable technique. The poetry is all of a high caliber, hence we refrain from any special mention.

The Quarterly.

College of New Rochelle, New Rochelle, N. Y.

"In My Day" and "Seeing Sally Home," two very delightful stories, appear in the February issue. "Edward Penfield," his life and work, form the subject of an illuminative article concerning "the initiator of the poster art in America." "Kampus Kapers" and College Notes always provide some intimate glimpses of the students' activities. The Alumnæ section is ably conducted and is one of the best. Of the poetry "Gifts" is exceptional from which we quote—the closing lines:

"Each day a gift with morning's light
That returns to God at night."

The Gargayle,

Cathedral College, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Although many would take issue with the ideas expressed by the writer of "Increase and Multiply," a critical essay on the poetry of Amy Lowell, Carl Landburg and Sara Teasdale, it must be conceded that the essay is a thoroughly exhaustive treatment of the respective merits and demerits, mostly the latter, of the poetry written by these three. "The Ghost of a Burmese Gong," as its name implies, is a ghost story with a very unusual and wholly unexpected solution. To those historically inclined, this issue offers absorbing article on such interesting topics as "The Napoleonic Myth," "Contemporary History," "When Even the Pope was English" and "The Return of Cæsar."

Fordham Monthly.

Fordham University, New York, N. Y.

Doctor James J. Walsh has an opponent in the author of "Culture and Today" in the February number. The writer

presents some very strong and convincing arguments to disprove Doctor Walsh's popular theory, that the thirteenth is the greatest of centuries and shows that the twentieth really deserves this distinction. "Shakespeare-Up-to-Date" is a vivid contrast of the respective merits of "Hamlet" as portrayed by Horace Livelihood and Walter Hampden. Of the poetry of Michael Field, little seems to be known and the reader cannot help but be grateful to the writer for a deeper insight and keener appreciation of the works of the poet, gained from the reading of a clever essay, "Michael Field." The "Book Reviews" and "The Antidote" are not only a welcome feature, but an added attraction.

BERNADETTE DOLAN, '27.

BOOKS

The Autobiography of an Attitude. George Jean Nathan.

This is one of the many books that are merely clever. Mr. Nathan's opinions may be interesting, but one can see no reason for dogmatism. After all, Mr. Nathan is not an oracle. His special coterie may regard him with admiration, but sane men will see that there is nothing underneath his cleverness but mere shallowness. Decidedly, this book is too superficial to bother with. It is indicative of the trend of modern criticism which offers epigrammatic remarks instead of sound, honest criticisms; opinions instead of facts. It will go the way of its thousand brothers in the world of commercialized trash—down the swift road into oblivion.

M. S., '27.

Timotheus. Bonamy Dobrie.

To everyone who likes to wonder what this world of ours will be like one hundred years from now, this book should prove delightful for it toys with the future of the theater. The author projects himself into the future and tells the theater's fortune in a way that is simply fascinating. He talks about the theater of the marionette and about the actorless theater which received so much attention in the recent dramatic exposition and enables us to see the virtues and the faults of this system. The purely emotional drama and the "Hurry Theater" of distilled emotion are considered as the personal experiences of the author. This book is so intimate and friendly that it carries us away. The author may be right or he may be wrong in his crystal-gazing, but at least he is interesting and thought-provoking. Though one doubts that the theater will ever reach the stage described by Mr. Dobrie, at least the reader must admit that the author furnishes us with interesting materials for speculation.

M. S., '27.

The Blind Goddess. Arthur Train.

We have, in this story, a message that is somewhat unusual. Mr. Train in a carefully analytical fashion, launches on a tirade against two evils—the “unholy union of criminal court machinery with Tammany politics and the folly of basing conviction on circumstantial evidence.” The author waxes eloquent against the injustices of our legal system. He keeps before our eyes the picture in the Tombs Prison of the goddess of justice with her scales in her hand, but with eyes blindfolded. Against the background of shyster lawyers, he has introduced the glamorous figure of the attractive, young idealist, Mr. Hugh Dillon, who is truly quixotic.

Mr. Train must have a broad background of experience in legal matters. He is evidently well-acquainted with the “atmosphere” of the Tombs and the Criminal Courts. His book should certainly remedy the apathy which he himself describes when he makes a New York reporter who was asked why the true state of affairs was not shown up say, “There’s no news in a politician’s being a crook, is there? Nobody cares what they do as long as they don’t steal the City Hall.” M. S., ’27.

A Shakespeare Handbook. Raymond M. Alden.

This is an excellent book for college students who are doing fairly intensive work on Shakespeare. Mr. Alden considers the sources of Shakespeare’s plots in great detail—too great detail for a general handbook. These various sources are quoted verbatim and make very interesting reading. This treatment of sources occupies the greater part of the book. The other parts are devoted to a consideration of the grammar and versification found in Shakesperean plays. A glossary and a short “Life” of Shakespeare complete the manual which should prove beneficial to every Shakespeare student who wishes to obtain information about this fascinating subject. M. S., ’27.

ALUMNAE NOTES

'23 LORIA extends felicitations to Charlotte Nolan, whose marriage to Mr. Robert Manning was recently announced. To Mr. Manning, also, is extended sincere congratulations.

'25 Since the last issue of LORIA, Marion Aubert has become Mrs. Thomas McDonald. A short time before the wedding, Marian's classmates gave her a very lovely miscellaneous shower at the College.

'46 The Alumnæ Association is happy to announce that two more prospective members of the class of 1946 have been enrolled. The newest comers are Florence Doyle, daughter of Marian McKenna Doyle, '21; Doris Marie Janton, daughter of Teresa Dolan Janton, '24, and little Miss Bryan, daughter of Rita Fearon Bryan, '24.

CARD PARTY The Alumnæ Card Party held on January 23d, at the Knights of Columbus Clubhouse, was the most successful function, socially and financially, that the Association has given. Many friends of the Alumnæ were present to assist in the great work of reimbursing the St. Joseph's College Scholarship Fund. Regina Munz, '24, chairman, and her able committee are to be congratulated on their splendid work which made possible the great success which was attained.

**COMMUNION
BREAKFAST** On Palm Sunday, March 28th, the annual Alumnæ Communion and breakfast were held at the College. Bishop Molloy, honorary president of the association, officiated at the Mass in the College Chapel. Breakfast was later served in the Alumnæ Room.

Among the guests, besides the Right Reverend Bishop, were Reverend W. T. Dillon, J.D., of the College, Reverend J. M. Gillis, C.S.P.; Dr. James J. Walsh; Monsignor John Belford;

Mrs. Thos. E. McGoldrick, regent of Brooklyn Circle, I. F. C. A., and Miss Helen McCormick of the Catholic Big Sisters.

The representation of each class at the Communion Breakfast testified that the spirit of college days, "Ite ad Joseph," still persists among the one-time students of the College.

ALUMNAE PLAYS Encouraged by the results of plays of other days, the Alumnæ is planning a dramatic performance to be given very soon. Agnes Connolly, '23, is chairman of the Committee on Arrangements.

The plays that have been selected are "Joint Owners in Spain," by Alice Brown; Rachael Crother's "The Rector," and "Cinderella Married," a Harvard Workshop '47 play. Miss Gertrude Walsh of the College faculty will coach the players.

BASKETBALL Interest in basketball has once again been revived and to such an extent that Rita McCaffery, '25, has arranged a schedule of games between the Alumnæ and visiting teams. March 11th, the first of these, the St. Joseph's Alumnæ—New Rochelle Alumnæ game—was played on the College court. The score was 35-16, in favor of our Alumnæ.

IN MEMORIAM

LORIA extends sincere sympathy to Cecile Cassidy, '23, on the death of her mother and to Beatrice Rick, '25, on the death of her father.

ALUMNÆ DAY

Reunions of whatever kind are much the same in spirit. They are the means of reknitting, in a tangible way, the old ties which the years have tended to sever. But, perhaps, there is no reunion quite so pleasant as that which draws together old college chums. Few friendships are as true as those formed in school, and more especially is this applicable to those which have grown up in college.

After we have stepped from Alma Mater's halls, there comes the separation inevitable. Our lives take devious paths, and seldom do we meet our former companions. Still less frequently do we revisit the place where our hopes were fostered and our minds directed. Yet how often does the Alumnæ long to return to those scenes of merriment and study, long for the grasp of a classmate's hand, desire to imbibe once more, the old fine spirit of college days.

With a view towards satisfying such cravings as these, the Undergraduate Association has instituted the custom of observing Alumnæ Day. This year we enjoyed our first Alumnæ Day at Saint Joseph's. This day means just what its name implies, a day on which the College opens its arms to its returning children, and offers them to enjoy once again its hospitality and love. It is a day for the Alumna, a time of rejoicing, a time when the golden memories of the past are revived, and old faith is again renewed. To see again those favorite haunts where she spent hours in reflection or in spirited conversation; to feel, even for a fleeting moment, the emotions which stirred her then, to catch something of the spirit of life as she then saw it, these are the delights of the Alumna as she wanders through the familiar halls. Myriad scenes quickly pass before her. Here some

foolish prank this corner recalls, there she becomes meditative as she remembers that this nook holds sacred the confidences of a friend. Every wall, every room has a memory. They speak eloquently of earlier days and are especially significant when revisited by the companions who shared the troubles and the joys.

Such is our Alumnæ Day, a time for the reunion of comrades who have come to enjoy within its portals, the sincere fellowship of all privileged to call it Alma Mater.

BERNADETTE GARVEY, '26.

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